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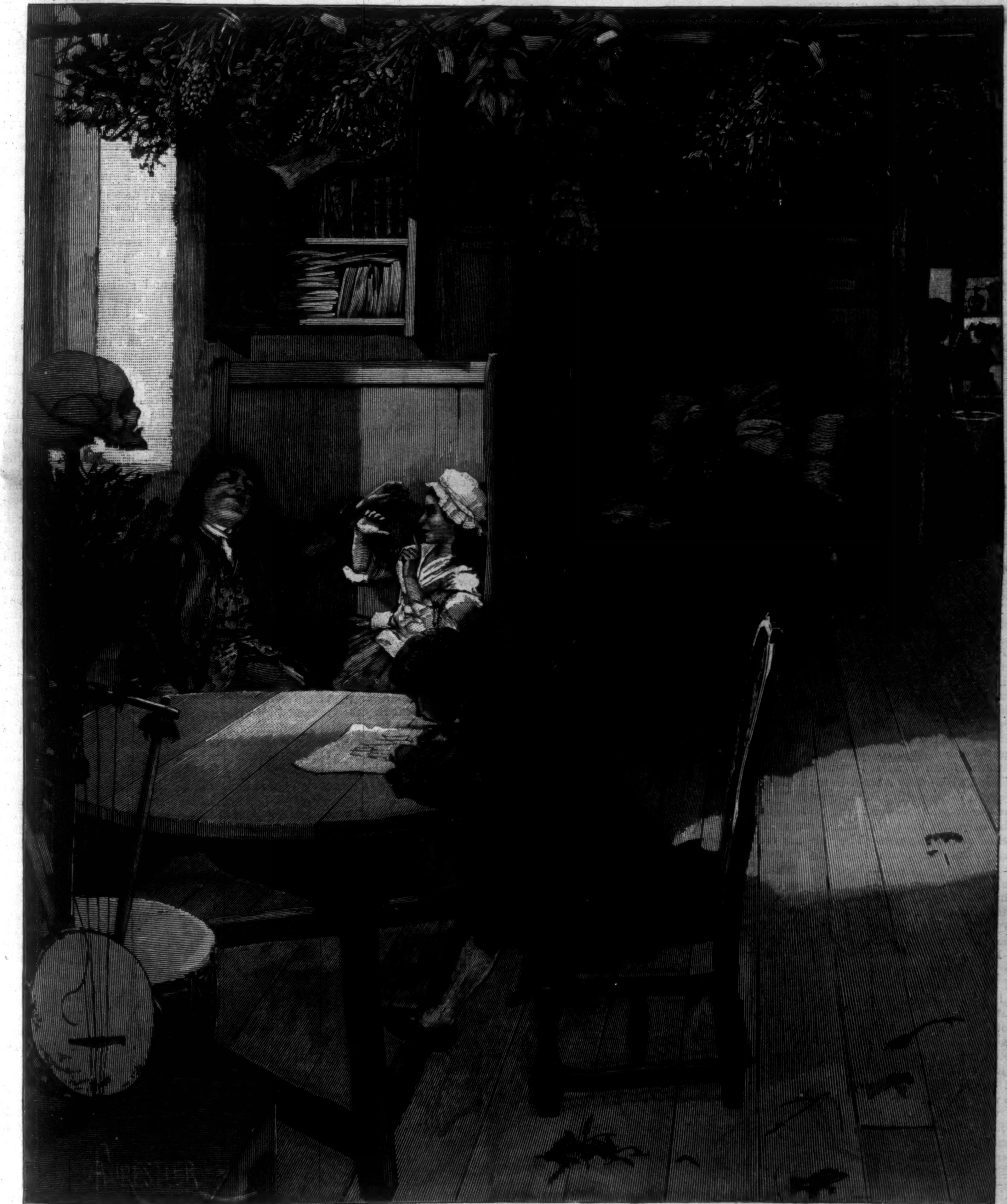

"IN THE SMALL BACK PARLOR BEHIND THE APOTHECARY'S SHOP."—[See Walter Besant's Serial, "The World Went Very Well Then," Page 422.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1886.

IGNORANCE IN CONGRESS.

THE recent debate upon the HOLMAN and RANDALL clause in the Appropriation Bill revealed the most extraordinary ignorance both of the purpose and the provisions of the law of January, 1883, known as the PENDLETON or Civil Service law. The ignorance of Mr. RANDALL himself was incredible. He is one of the Democratic leaders of the House, and he said of the law which establishes the Commission:

> "I affirm to-day that the Representatives of the people, by the enactment of these regulations, have been deceived and cheated, have been deprived of rights which, standing here, they ought to have defended in behalf of the people who sent them here as their Representatives."

Either this statement is due to unpardonable ignorance, or it is a daring misrepresentation. The reform law concerns exclusively the exercise of the executive power. But what executive "rights" have the members of the House? Not only have they none whatever, not only were they expressly designed to have none, but one of the objects of the law is to frustrate their attempted usurpation of such rights. It is understood that Mr. RANDALL is one of the chief usurpers of executive rights, and that he has virtually dictated some of the chief executive appointments in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. If the probable report be true, he is guilty of a gross offence in overstepping the constitutional limitations of his legislative office—as gross as it would be in the President to dictate to Mr. RANDALL how he should vote upon the revision of the tariff.

Mr. RANDALL's ignorance both of the scope and the detail of the law was rivalled by Mr. COMPTON, who asserted that the law virtually vested the executive power of appointment in the Civil Service Commission. The law, as any member of Congress who will take the trouble to read it will see, does not touch the executive power of appointment. If it limited or controlled that discretion in the least degree it would be unconstitutional, because the Constitution gives the President that power in plain terms, limited only by the consent of the Senate. The law authorizes him to appoint with such consent a Commission whose duty it shall be to aid him, "as he may request, in preparing suitable rules." The action of the Commission takes its impulse from the President. The rules are his rules. They are changed and revoked at his pleasure. They are his rules, prescribing within their limits the methods in which the executive service of which he is the head and for which he is responsible shall be filled. In a word, they define the way in which he enables himself to discharge his constitutional duty more effectively, and to say that they abridge his power or discretion in the least is wholly to misstate the fact.

If any proof were needed not only of the hostility to the reform law, but of the astonishing ignorance of its details upon the part of prominent politicians, it is furnished by such remarks as those of Mr. RANDALL and of Mr. COMPTON. But such speeches are not merely to be dismissed as laughable. They represent the organized and resolute hostility of the spoils politicians in both parties, who are a very large and powerful body. They are not the rank and file of either party. But they generally mark the time to which the rank and file keep step. There must be a very strong and positively expressed sentiment within a party to control the action of the party machine. This exists, perhaps, in the Democratic party in the form of personal admiration of Mr. CLEVELAND. But it does not extend to any general interest in the reformed system of the civil service or knowledge of it. It is due to his personal qualities, and it would be just as strong if his general course upon this subject were different. It is a serious mistake to suppose that either the Republican or the Democratic party as such is the party of civil service reform, while there is no question that the reform sentiment is much more general among Republicans than among Democrats, and that it makes rapid and extraordinary progress outside of the circle of professional political managers. The President strengthens himself just in the degree that he alienates professional politicians who depend for success upon the control of patronage. There was never a time in which a President could more safely trust the people as against the professional politicians, because of the fact that parties are not divided by any great questions.

A FORTUNATE VICTORY.

THE effort to make the active support of Mr. BLAINE in 1884 the test of Republicanism has signally failed in Vermont, which furnished in Senator EDMUNDS the most conspicuous illustration of Republican unwillingness to do more than vote for the candidate. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE against the strong opposition of much of the best Republican sentiment and instinct, as we have often shown, resulted not only in defeat, but in demoralization. The Republican campaign, by the necessity of the situation, which was plainly and forcibly foretold, was a prolonged effort to prove that the candidate was a truthful and upright man who had not traded upon a public trust. But when the Republican party deliberately took this lamentable position, disaster was to be expected. The very opening of the campaign showed the demoralization. In the press and in the speeches there was a general flouting of political morality in the form of sneers at "Pharisees" and "the better element" and "holier-than-thou men," meaning Republicans who asked that a candidate for the Presidency should be above just suspicion, and who would not vote for a candidate who was under a cloud which his best friends could not dissipate. It was gravely urged by distinguished Republican leaders that men must stick to their party, and not refine upon moralities—a proposition which, divested of rhetoric, meant simply that they must vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated. That style of argument from men of whom something else was to have been expected merely widened the breach and deepened the protest, because it showed that the nomination probably indicated the lower moral tone of the party.

Some recusants undoubtedly yielded to the steady fusillade of falsehood and vituperation which was kept up by the party organs, and ceased their opposition. The mere party scourge was never more lustily applied. But it was all in vain. The alliance with the Irish vote; the bribe-money of JAY GOULD, of which the details have just been published; the dress parade of the clerical contingent, with its ludicrous conclusion—a spectacular performance engineered by political agents to show that religion and morality, as the dinner of rich men was designed to show that capital and corporations, were upon the side of Mr. BLAINE—all did not avail. Fidelity to Republican principles had been superseded as a test of Republicanism by loud and eager advocacy of the candidate. For a Republican not to profess BLAINE, so to speak, in the most ardent manner, even if he meant to vote for him, and was in no sense a Mugwump, was not enough. Now the one great Republican leader who distinctly did not profess BLAINE was Senator EDMUNDS. But to deny his Republicanism was as futile as to deny that of Senator HOAR. Mr. EDMUNDS did not bolt, however; he said that it was essential to retain Republican supremacy, and he voted for the BLAINE electors. This would seem to have satisfied every reasonable requirement of a party man. But it was not enough.

It is one of the signs of the demoralization produced by the BLAINE candidacy that this course of Mr. EDMUNDS was held to be an offence deserving the most summary punishment. In 1876, when Mr. HAYES was nominated, Mr. CONKLING, then one of the Republican chiefs, made one speech in the canvass. But, as we remember, in that speech he did not mention the candidate for the Presidency, nor even the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, although he was a fellow New York Republican. Mr. CONKLING throughout the term of President HAYES openly and offensively denounced and derided him. His offence was very much greater in a party view than any committed by Senator EDMUNDS against Mr. BLAINE. But Mr. CONKLING was never brought to trial for not professing devotion to the candidate or to the President. It was determined, however, that Mr. EDMUNDS should be "deprived." He is one of the strongest, purest, most unswerving of Republican partisans. But he would not go upon a platform and say that a man was fit for the Presidency whom he thought to be unfit, although for reasons that satisfied him he could vote for him. This was his offence, and there is no question of the eager hope and purpose to punish him for not actively supporting Mr. BLAINE. But that for this reason vengeance was sought shows how fatal to political independence and morality is the spirit that secured the nomination of 1884, and which still infects the Republican party. Happily in Vermont it was effectually baffled, and nothing would do more to renew the vigor of that party than the evident and active supremacy of the feeling which accepts the spotless public career, the steady character, and the manly methods of Senator EDMUNDS as especially and essentially Republican.

"BAD LANGWIDGE."

THE manifesto of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—who, except for his malevolence, might be fitly called the Harlequin of English politics—is intended evidently not to persuade opponents, but to exasperate party passions. It is a good illustration of the worst kind of electioneering, full of carefully studied personal insults, and addressed to the bitterest prejudice. Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish proposition is described as "the most wanton political convulsion," due to the boundless egotism seeking to retain office for a little while by the aid of disloyalty sustained by foreign gold. It is the "base and nefarious conspiracy" against English honor and Irish welfare of a man who has been deserted by all who confer character and reputation upon his party. His bill is described as

> "insanity trafficking in treason, condoning crime, exalting disloyalty, abasing loyalty, and a monstrous mixture of imbecility, extravagance, and political hysterics.... The united and concentrated genius of Bedlam and Colneyhatch would strive in vain to produce a more striking tissue of absurdities than those gravely recommended by senile vanity to a people renowned for commonsense."

Mr. GLADSTONE, according to this young ribald, is

> "the betrayer of Khartoom; guilty of GORDON's death; the patentee of the Penjdeh shame; rejected by a democratic House of Commons; no longer able to conceal his personality under the shelter of the Liberal party; avoided by the leading light of nonconformity; now demanding a vote of confidence in himself—a political expedient borrowed from the worst days of the Second Empire."

He is also a "claimant," and guilty of "audacious profanity" in commending his cause to God.

This objurgation is a feeble parody and imitation of DISRAELI's stinging invective against Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is wholly artificial, and ineffective except to infuriate the pending contest still more. It is, however, a fair statement of the Tory feeling toward Mr. GLADSTONE, who from the time that he was himself a Tory has advanced steadily toward the post of Tribune of the people. The unprecedented popular enthusiasm that has attended his visit to Scotland, which even Mr. SMALLEY, in his London letter to the *Tribune*, is compelled to acknowledge to be genuine and spontaneous, shows him to be more than ever "the People's WILLIAM." No English Minister has been personally more popular among "the plain people" than Mr. GLADSTONE, nor has any English statesman ever conducted a great political contest which enlisted more closely the attention and the sympathy of the world. Lord HARTINGTON, who represents the aristocratic Liberal or Whig opposition, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL the extreme Tory hostility, has taken throughout the controversy a very different tone toward Mr. GLADSTONE from that of any of the other leaders of opposition. He has been very careful to speak of him with the utmost respect, and to concede that in his present movement Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly patriotic and sincere. There has been, indeed, a certain tenderness of regret in his expressions of difference of opinion, as if he both desired and anticipated ultimate coöperation with his old leader.

The difference in the impression produced by the speeches of Lord HARTINGTON and of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is worth heeding. It is the difference between persuasive power—the power which, by changing opinion and action, accomplishes political results—and the noisy vituperation that makes a hurrah. The same thing is apparent in our own political discussions. The mere blackguardism and ribaldry which is so chief a staple of our election contests—and which is very different from the plain presentation of fatal facts, as in Mr. SCHURZ's Brooklyn speech in 1884—is totally ineffective against frank and fair argument upon the merits of the case. In the same way the incessant little personal digs at the President, which are the sole contribution to current politics of many of the papers which oppose him, have no perceptible effect upon the general judgment which the country is forming upon his conduct. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's manifesto will not detach one supporter from Mr. GLADSTONE, but it will renew the zeal of many. It may, however, secure him the Tory vote which would be given gladly to the candidate who used the most "bad langwidge" toward the Prime Minister.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

AN instructive light is thrown upon "practical politics" by a recent statement of Mr. GEORGE BLISS, and by the publication of other facts which that statement has elicited. Mr. BLISS's statement is this:

> "Mr. JOHN J. O'BRIEN received from Mr. JAY GOULD two days before the election in 1884 a large sum—I cannot say whether it was $50,000 or $100,000. Mr. GOULD and every other man who has paid any attention to the subject has been unable to see where any portion of that money was expended for the benefit of the party.
>
> "The money was paid under some assurance that it was to be used upon Democrats with the concurrence of Mr. KELLY, and a high

officer of the police force was a party to the agreement, and claimed to represent Mr. KELLY. I had Mr. KELLY's personal assurance that he had nothing whatever to do with the matter."

This was followed by the statement of the *Herald*:

> "The date thus fixed by Colonel BLISS is *Sunday, November* 2, 1884, and we take the liberty to add to the facts that Mr. BLAINE and Mr. JAY GOULD passed four hours together on the afternoon of that day in conference at the house then occupied by Mr. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, in Fifty-eighth Street, in this city."

This in turn was followed by this article in the New York *Tribune* on the 3d of November, 1884:

> "We have one earnest word for our friends in the interior of this State.
>
> "From every quarter comes news that the country will do well—better than has been expected. Their only fear is that the splendid majority they promise will be swamped by an enormous Democratic vote here. We have taken great pains to learn the situation here, and we believe we have some understanding of it. Our message to the interior of the State is this:
>
> "You can afford to trust this city! It may disappoint—it will certainly not displease you! Come down to the Harlem River with anything like the majority you talk of, and the Republicans of the metropolis will take care of the rest!"

Mr. BLISS says that his knowledge comes from the man who personally paid the money to O'BRIEN which was to be expended for Tammany votes. JAY GOULD controls the Western Union Telegraph, and the part played by that office during the doubt of the result of the election is well known. GOULD had stated in 1873, as the *Herald* recalls, to the Erie Investigating Committee that it was his custom to give money to men who received nominations, and that he considered such gifts "good paying investments." In a Republican district he said that he was a Republican, and a Democrat in a Democratic district, and in doubtful districts he was doubtful. He had given this large sum to O'BRIEN to buy Democratic votes for Mr. BLAINE in the city, and he supposed that in so doing he had bought Mr. BLAINE's election. On Thursday the 6th of November he issued twenty-three bulletins from the Western Union Telegraph Company's office asserting that Mr. BLAINE had carried New York, and on the same day the Republican National Committee issued an address to the same effect.

If the plot had succeeded, if O'BRIEN had used the money for the purpose intended, and the "enormous Democratic vote here" had been reduced by that means, and JAY GOULD's money had bought Mr. BLAINE's election, is there any doubt that the result would have been hailed as proof that the American people did not propose to abandon the poor colored citizens, and insisted upon an honest and free ballot? Every honorable Republican knows that buying Tammany votes in New York is just as criminal and subversive of liberty as coercing colored voters in Mississippi, and that it is because of such things as this statement of Mr. BLISS has revealed that the Republican party has lost its old prestige. That prestige will not be restored by railing at those who denounce dishonest politics as Democrats, but by dismissing from the control of the party those whose character and conduct discredit and defeat it.

A VOICE FROM LOUISIANA.

AN ex-Confederate soldier in Louisiana sends us an interesting letter suggested by our remark that "national good feeling is reciprocal in every part of the country." He speaks most warmly of the national magnanimity toward "the South" at the end of the war as without parallel in history, and aside from what he naturally feels to be its justice, which began in the interview of GRANT with LEE at Appomattox, he believes that it has been the chief cause of a real reunion. Under this new union he says that the South has advanced in wealth, education, and population as rapidly as the North, "and the latch-strings of our doors are always on the outside to Northern visitors and immigrants." But he thinks that a great mistake is made in not restoring JEFFERSON DAVIS to citizenship. If he was a criminal, says our correspondent, so were we all. But DAVIS lives evidently without fear as a free man in a free country—a fact which is fully appreciated by all ex-Confederates as showing the perfect confidence of the North, and feeling this, "the people who welcomed Mr. DAVIS at Montgomery would respond as quickly to the call of the government as those at Albany who denounced them."

In a recent tour through the Northern States our correspondent says that he found but one man who was not reconstructed, and who thought the South was regaining her strength to renew hostilities. Our correspondent justly exclaims that if this man had represented Northern sentiment, the South would now be a howling wilderness. But the GRANTS and GREELEYS and SUMNERS, and "the noble 'boys in blue' who, when we surrendered and signed our sacred paroles, gave us their well-filled haversacks and bade us God-speed as we footed it for home, leaving the bones of our brothers buried behind us," sowed the seeds of enduring peace. We, he says, and those brothers were not criminals. We fought for what we held to be constitutional liberty. We are not dogs that we should kiss the hand that smites us—for it has not smitten. When GRANT told LEE to tell his soldiers to take their horses home to plough their crops, the tears in LEE's eyes were of the kind that cement lasting friendship and union. The cheers that greeted DAVIS, he says, were merely a welcome to the man who had fought for the same cause that animated them all. They were a tribute to the cause for which they had periled everything, and whose defence they did not and do not hold to be a crime. DAVIS was no more guilty than the rest. If ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and General GORDON and the other rebel brigadiers vote equally with the Northern soldiers to carry on the government which they sought to destroy, why should DAVIS alone be held to be unpardonable?

The letter of our correspondent is that of an honorable and, in the true and best sense, a "reconstructed" Confederate. But the character of Northern feeling toward JEFFERSON DAVIS is due to the belief, not that he was a Confederate, but that he permitted the tortures of prisoners at Andersonville which he might have prevented. If, however, he should request a pardon, undoubtedly it would be granted. It would have been better to include him in the list of amnesty, but the fact that he can have a pardon if he wishes for it prevents any active sympathy for him in the Northern States. Nor ought any ex-Confederate soldier to feel himself stigmatized by the position of JEFFERSON DAVIS, nor by the word crime as applied to him, which is intended to express, not his common interest in the Confederate movement, but his supposed connivance at inhumanity. Our correspondent will remember that it was ANDREW JOHNSON, neither a Northern man nor a Republican, who incessantly vociferated that treason must be made odious. But he will remember also that, in the sense in which he used the words, Northern sentiment did not agree with ANDREW JOHNSON.

THE LATE YACHT RACES.

THE annual yacht races were exceedingly interesting this year, not only because of the appearance of two new sloops, the *Mayflower* and the *Atlantic*, to contest the palm with the *Puritan* and the *Priscilla*, but because of the probabilities which the trial furnished of the yacht which will be selected to sail with the *Galatea*, the English craft which is coming over to try for the cup for which the *Genesta* gallantly strove last year. There were three races on different days, but not one day was a good yachting day. The *Priscilla* led in two of the trials, and the *Puritan* in one. But the *Mayflower* showed capital sailing qualities, and she is evidently a dangerous rival of the *Puritan* and *Priscilla*.

The annual regatta seems to be appointed for the month of June because that month is quite sure to furnish "ladies' weather" rather than yachting weather. The trials of last year showed that for a stiff breeze, to which the English yachts are accustomed, the *Puritan* was the best of our boats. The *Priscilla*, however, has been improved to fit her for such weather, and she will dispute precedence with the *Puritan* even in a yachting wind when the time for the decision arrives. The Englishmen, however, must hear with some dismay that there are three boats among which it is difficult to decide which shall be the American champion.

On the other hand, the *Galatea* has been outsailed three times, but very closely, by the *Irex*, and if she should take the *America's* cup, it would be a double victory for the British yachtsmen. In any event, the international race promises to be one of the most exciting and interesting that have been sailed, and it is a pretty incident that the honor of the American yacht will be doubtless intrusted to one whose name is associated with the earliest and most interesting body of permanent English settlers in America, the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower*, or the *Priscilla*.

MORE WISE VETOES.

THE President recently sent to Congress on the same day thirteen vetoes of pension bills, and no man who read them but honored him for the evident vigilance with which he discharges his duty, and for the just and generous feeling which he evinces for the soldiers. He calls many of the bills simply gifts of public money to undeserving persons, and the apparent sanction of Congress is apparent only because the grants are advised by a small minority at nominal sessions.

Every honorable soldier will read with entire sympathy and approval the following remarks of the President:

> "I have not, however, been able to entirely divest myself of the idea that the public money appropriated for pensions is the soldiers' fund, which should be devoted to the indemnification of those who in the defence of the Union and in the nation's service have worthily deserved, and who in the day of their dependence resulting from such suffering are entitled to the benefactions of their government. This reflection lends to the bestowal of pensions a kind of sacredness which invites the adoption of such principles and regulations as will exclude perversion as well as insure a liberal and generous application of grateful and benevolent designs. Heedlessness and a disregard of the principle which underlies the granting of pensions is unfair to the wounded, crippled soldier who is honored in the just recognition of his government. Such a man should never find himself side by side on the pension roll with those who have been tempted to attribute their natural ills to which humanity is heir to service in the army. Every relaxation of principle in the granting of pensions invites applications without merit, and encourages those who for gain urge honest men to become dishonest. Thus is the demoralizing lesson taught the people that as against the public treasury the most questionable expedients are allowable."

GOVERNOR ROBINSON SAVES REFORM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, having virtually annulled the civil service reform law of that State in passing the soldiers' exemption bill by a very large majority, the Republican Governor ROBINSON has prevented the repeal by his veto, just as the Democratic President would have vetoed the annulling clause of the Democratic leaders RANDALL and HOLMAN if it had passed Congress. The veto of Governor ROBINSON has been confidently anticipated by the friends of reform, and its argument is admirable and conclusive.

The Governor says that the law is sustained by a strong and unqualified public sentiment, and that it is working effectively and smoothly. He believes that the State desires it to remain unchanged. The exemption bill he holds to be an indirect effort of the enemies of the law, who, ambushed in a pretence of loyalty and gratitude, strike at the whole reformed system. It is an unfounded assertion that full and just recognition is not accorded to the veterans of the late civil war, and at least the gratitude of Massachusetts for their patriotism and sacrifice needs no such proof as the repeal of a good law. That record, as the Governor truly says, is unmistakable.

If the sound sentiments of Governor ROBINSON's message were made the real, not the professed, policy of the Republican party, and the Republicans of the press and caucus who are fishing for the liquor vote, and the Irish vote, and the soldier vote, were taught that party success is secured by principle, not by bribery and dicker, the Republican party would renew its youth and its vigor. Its chief effort has been for some time to decry the Democratic party for its infidelity to reform, while it showed itself to be more unfaithful. There has been no more damaging blow levelled at reform than the Massachusetts exemption bill of an overwhelmingly Republican Legislature. Happily the Republican Governor is wiser than the other representatives of his party.

PERSONAL.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD is in good spirits over his new venture at Tuxedo Park, thirty-eight miles west of New York city, on the Erie Railroad. As long ago as 1812 his grandfather purchased seventeen thousand acres of mountainous wooded land, six thousand of which now constitute the Park. The grandson had long cherished the intention of making a summer home on the property, and, in order to provide himself with society in the wilderness, has organized a club of two hundred and sixty members, for whom he has built a club-house, and twelve or fifteen cottages costing from $7000 to $16,000 each. His total outlay thus far is $500,000, partly for a wide macadamized drive up the mountain from the railway station—a mile and a half distant—and around the lake. He expects to spend $300,000 more. The woods will be generously stocked with game. "An English duke," he says, "has hunting preserves, and invites his friends to visit him for shooting. We shall invite our friends up here; and matters are so fixed that nobody can get a foothold in Tuxedo Park unless he is congenial to us. He must be elected a member of the club before he can hire or rent a cottage, or permanently enjoy the privileges of the club-house."

—The farmers' boys in the neighborhood say that Tuxedo Park is infested with copperheads of a particularly venomous variety. Mr. LORILLARD is offering a dollar a head for every dangerous snake caught. His Italian laborers divert themselves by earning extra dollars while making roads.

—Mr. CALVERT VAUX, while preparing the elaborate designs for the terrace, bridges, and other architectural features of the Central Park, received from the city only $2500 a year. The design for the Park itself was made conjointly by Mr. VAUX and by Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, who devoted his days to superintending the laborers that were breaking the ground, and his evenings at Mr. VAUX's house to consultations and detail drawings for the plan.

—Miss LOUISE LIVINGSTON HUNT, for the studies of creole life contained in her *Memoir of Mrs. Edward Livingston*, wife of President JACKSON's Secretary of State, has won praise from New Orleans. While reviewing the book in a leading French newspaper of that city, M. PLACIDE CANONGE draws a sharp contrast between her work and Mr. CABLE's. "What Mr. CABLE says of creole manners and customs is," he declares, "proof that he is unacquainted with either," but Miss HUNT's pages "bring to life vividly the creole society as it then was, and are written with heart, with affection, and yet that affection confines itself to the truth."

—Mr. PAUL BABCOCK, Jun., of the Standard Oil Company, lives at Montclair, New Jersey. He has a novel way of discharging his social obligations. Every June he invites his neighbors to witness the regatta of the New York Yacht Club. He hires a large steamboat, stocks it generously with refreshments, takes a hundred and fifty guests on board, follows the competing yachts on their course to Sandy Hook Light-ship, and provides a luncheon and a dinner. His friends say that this is better than a reception in a house.

—Each newly elected member of the National Academy of Design is required by the constitution to send in an original oil-painting, and his associates do not rate him as an Academician until he has done so. The late Mr. QUARTLEY's contribution was a view of the pier-head at the foot of Vesey Street, North River, as seen from a boat in the middle of the stream—an early-morning effect, with the smoke and steam of the awakening city in the background.

—Mr. HENRY LARKIN, a young man who used to help CARLYLE in his indexes, summaries, copyings, sortings, and miscellanies of every kind, and for ten years was daily by his side, writes that the philosopher's ambition was to be doing something rather than to be eloquently talking about it, and that, little as his critics imagine it, his heart was sick of perpetually exhorting and admonishing.

—The late Duc de Castries, according to a Paris correspondent, was the type of the French aristocrat: elegant, distinguished in manners, prodigal by instinct and tradition, neither counting nor discounting, practising gallantry in the same spirit as he kept splendid equipages—as an element of movement and gayety, and as a brilliant distraction, augmenting his renown in the eyes of the gallery. Everything in his life and surroundings was sumptuous and grandiose—his house, his habits, his relations, his wealth, and the way he spent it.

—In a reprint of his poems, Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE says: "I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I have respected letters; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me."

—A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* speaks of the late WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT as an ideal type of a Republican, whose youth was without reproach, whose old age was without a single feebleness, who adored the right and liberty, who faithfully preserved a most lofty reverence for religion, and who, uninfluenced by pessimism, neither calumniated existence nor cursed it. "A majestic simplicity was the distinctive sign of his character and his verses."

—From a letter written in the last century by the Rev. Mr. WICKES, a young clergyman, to his mother: "Hon^d Mad^m,—For about 5 Months past I have been acquainted with a young Lady of singular prudence and good nature. She is neither a Beauty nor Fortune, but extremely agreeable, genteel, and of a good Family. She was ye daughter of a Clergyman of good Preferm^t, and had ye best of Education, with ye prospect of a handsome Fortune, wch was squander'd away by an extravagant Mother-in-Law, and is now Fatherless and Motherless. She is about 24 Years of Age, universally respected by her Friends, wch are numerous, and has a Prospect of some Thousands after ye death of an Uncle. I cannot say but I have a very sincere regard for her, and am satisfied from many circumstances she has a regard for me: sh^d be glad to make her my Wife, if agreeable to you (for w^d willingly have your approbation in everything I do), ye more so as I am certain it w^d be ye greatest satisfaction to you to see me, after so many disappointments, settled with a Lady so much of your own Temper and Disposition; for her delight seems to be in obliging others, and being in her Duty." The marriage took place soon afterward.

THE EXILED PRINCES.

The law adopted on the 22d of June by the French Senate for the "Expulsion of the Princes" is, like most French laws, rather short, and reads as follows:

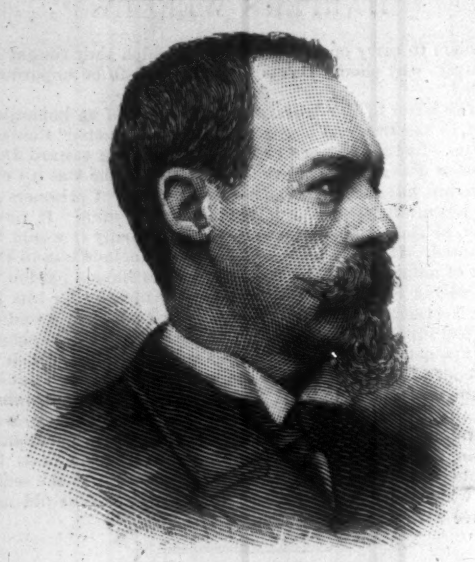
"*Art.* 1.—The territory of the Republic is and shall remain interdicted to the chiefs of the families that have reigned in France, and to their direct heirs in the order of primogeniture.

"*Art.* 2.—The government is authorized to interdict the territory of the Republic to the other members of these families. Such interdiction shall be pronounced by a decree of the President of the Republic, issued in Council of the Ministry.

"*Art.* 3.—Whoever, in violation of the interdiction, shall be found in France, in Algeria, or in the colonies, shall be punished by imprisonment for from two to five years. At the expiration of his sentence, he shall be taken again to the frontier.

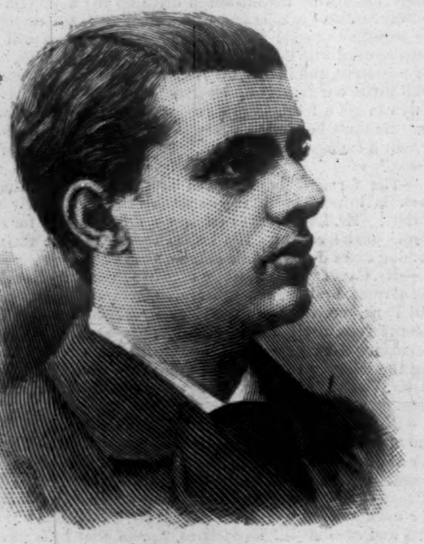
"*Art.* 4.—The members of the families that have reigned in France cannot enter the army or navy, or exercise any public function, or hold any elective office."

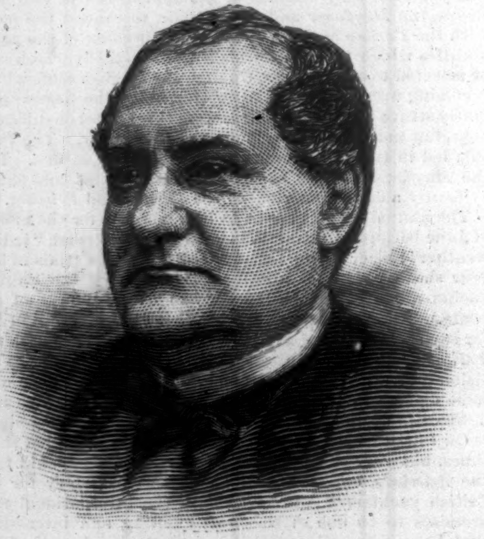
Four persons are immediately affected by this law. The first is the Prince Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, Comte de Paris, who by the death without issue of the chief of the House of Bourbon, the Comte de Chambord, became the head of the once royal family of France. He represents unquestionably the hopes and ambitions of the Royalists of France, and he is associated with the glories of a house which held the French throne in an unbroken line for two centuries before the great Revolution. He is associated also—which is of more political importance at present—with the Citizen King, Louis Philippe, his grandfather, who was the first and only real constitutional monarch that reigned over France.

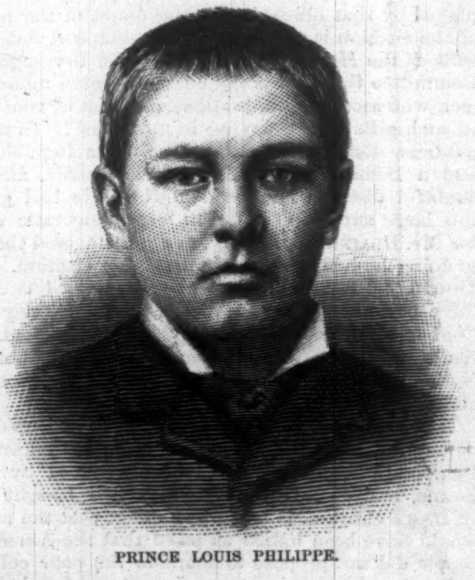

THE COMTE DE PARIS.

The Comte de Paris is the eldest son of the late Duke of Orleans, and was born in Paris the 24th of August, 1838, being now not quite forty-eight years of age. He went into exile with his father and grandfather on the overthrow of the monarchy in 1848, and he did not return to France until after the downfall of the Bonapartist dynasty. He was educated in England, in part at the Royal Military Academy, and in 1862, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, he made the campaign of the Peninsula with General McClellan, and was attached to his staff. One of the results of this experience has been the preparation of an extended *History of the Civil War in the United States*, an almost purely military account. It is a book highly spoken of by military critics, and is marked by great care and remarkable accuracy. He is accompanied in exile by his family, but only his eldest son, Louis Philippe Robert, a boy of seventeen, is included in the first article of the law.

The third person exiled by the new law is Prince Napoleon, or, by his full name, Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul, familiarly known as "Plon-Plon," the son of Jerome, the King of Westphalia, who was a brother of the great Napoleon, and who married the Princess Royal of Würtemberg for his second wife, his first being Miss Patterson, of Baltimore. Prince Napoleon has had a varied life. He sat in the National Assembly of 1848 as a radical Democrat, and was for some time regarded with distrust by his cousin the Emperor Napoleon III. The latter made him the heir to his throne, in case he died without male issue, but always had a good deal of trouble with him. His claim to be regarded as the head of the house is disputed by the Prince's son Victor, who now goes into exile with his father. Prince Napoleon married Clothilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel.


PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON.


PRINCE NAPOLEON.


PRINCE LOUIS PHILIPPE.

DAVID DAVIS.

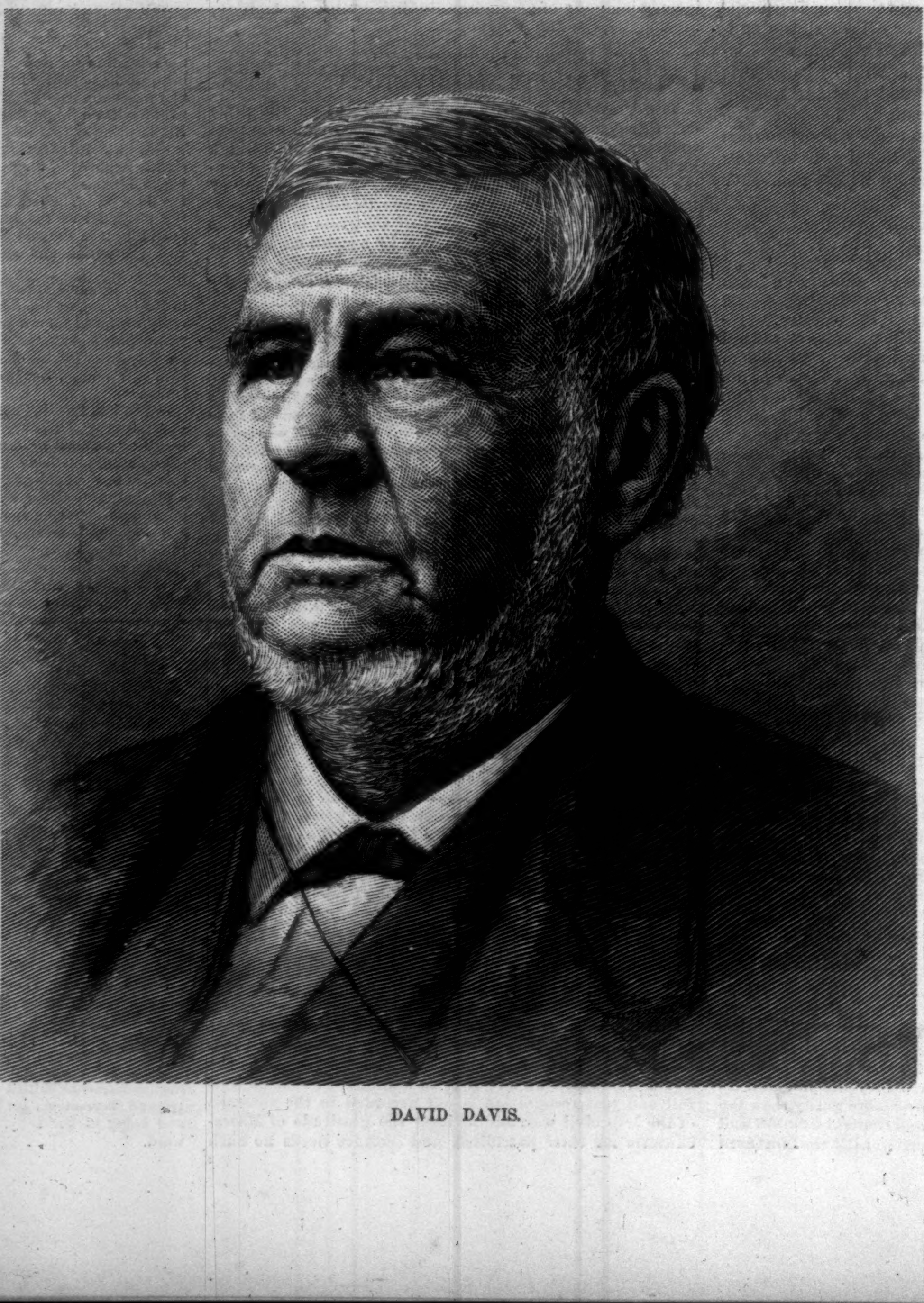
Ex-Senator and Ex-Judge David Davis, of Illinois, had an unusual career even for an American citizen. He reached the highest honor both in the judicial and in the legislative branch of the national government, and he was for three years in the line of succession, for a temporary period of service, to the Presidency, and he was for several years a "Presidential possibility" of more than one political party. No other man in our history has come so near attaining the highest post in every branch of the government. Yet his public career was ended in time for him to enjoy retirement, during the last years of his life, as a bridegroom.

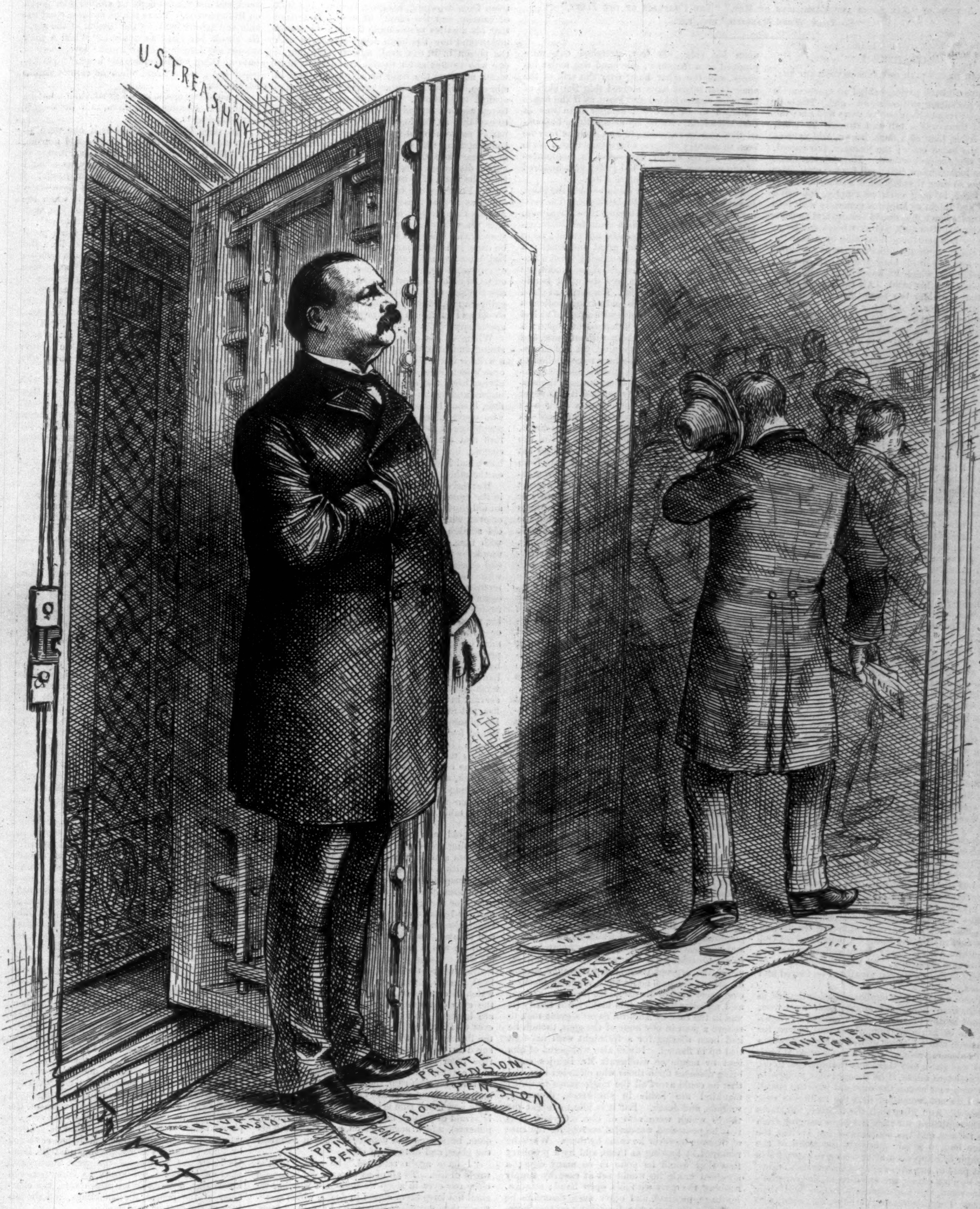
Mr. Davis was born in Maryland, March 9, 1815; was graduated from Kenyon College, Ohio, at the age of seventeen; studied law under private instruction in Massachusetts, and afterward at the Law School at New Haven, Connecticut; and made his home at Bloomington, Illinois. At the age of twenty he had spent a part of his life in every section of the Union, and he settled in what was then the far West. As a lawyer he achieved an early success. He made his first appearance in politics in 1844, when, as a Whig, he was elected to the Legislature. Three years later he was a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the State. In 1848 he was elected Judge of a judicial district in Illinois, and was afterward twice reëlected. While he was Judge, Lincoln often pleaded causes in his court, and they became intimate and life-long friends. Mr. Davis was a member of the Convention which nominated Lincoln for the Presidency in 1860; in 1862 President Lincoln appointed him one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and after the President's death he was administrator of his estate.

Although Mr. Davis, of course, took no part in public affairs during his occupancy of the bench, his well-known opinions in sympathy with the interests of the laboring classes, and his freedom from the strong partisanship which affected most men during the first decade of peace, kept him in the public mind. In 1872 the National Convention of the Labor-Reform party nominated him for the Presidency, and he at first accepted the nomination by replying to the official notification of it that "the Chief Magistracy of the Republic should neither be sought nor declined by any American citizen." But when the Liberal Republican Convention, in which also his name was presented, and he received 92½ votes, nominated Horace Greeley, he formally declined the Labor-Reform party's nomination, and he remained on the Supreme Bench until March 4, 1877, when he resigned to take the seat in the Senate to which he had been elected by the Legislature of Illinois.

His election was the result of a long dead-lock in a Legislature in which on a joint ballot 5 Independents prevented either the 101 Republicans or the 98 Democrats from electing their candidate. He was elected on the fortieth ballot by the union of the Democrats and the Independents, and held the then unique position of an Independent Senator. He was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and after Mr. Arthur's accession to the Presidency he was in the line of succession to that office.

Mr. Davis, with a minority of the Supreme Court, held that the Congressional enactments making government notes legal tender in payment of debts were constitutional. In the Senate, though he had been a Whig and a Republican, he voted oftener with the Democrats than with the Republicans, and he achieved the distinction of being the original Mugwump in politics. He had the very uncommon experience also of winning and retaining the respect of all parties. He was regarded as a possible nominee of each party for the Presidency in 1876 and in 1880; and there was some talk about his availability in 1884. If he had the ambition to be elected President with which he has been credited, he never stooped to seek a nomination for any position; and if he was disappointed, his political disappointment never showed itself in his public or in his private life.


DAVID DAVIS.


U.S. TREASURY
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AT HIS POST.

President Cleveland. "I am so thoroughly tired of disapproving gifts of public money to individuals who in my view have no right or claim to the same, notwithstanding apparent Congressional sanction."

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

A Novel.

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

HOW JACK HEARD TALK OF LANDS BEYOND THE SEA.

In a small back parlor, behind an apothecary's shop, were sitting two boys and a girl. The boys were aged respectively twelve years and ten; the elder of them was a tall and strongly built lad, with curling hair of a dark brown, and eyes of much the same color; the younger, fair-haired, and of slighter proportions. The girl was nine; but she looked more, being tall for her age. Her hair was so dark that it looked almost black. It hung loose, in long curls or ripples, not being coarse and thick, as happens generally with hair that is quite black, but fine in texture and lustrous to look upon. Her eyes, too, were black and large. The elder boy and the girl sat side by side in the window-seat, while the other boy sat at the table, having a pencil in his hand and a piece of paper before him, on which he was drawing idly whatever came into his head. All three were silent, save that the elder boy from time to time whispered the girl, or pinched her ear, or pulled her hair, when she would shake her head and smile, and point to the great chair beside the fire, as much as to say, "If it were not for that chair, Jack, and the person in it, I would box thy ears."

It was not a cold day. The sun shone through the lattice window, and fell upon the heads of the two who sat together, and motes innumerable danced merrily in the light; yet there was a coal fire burning in the grate. On one hob simmered a saucepan, with some broth in it or compound of simples (while the children sat waiting, the apothecary's assistant stepped in noiselessly, lifted the lid, took out a spoonful, sighed, tasted it, shook his head for the nastiness of it, and went back into the shop). On the other hob stood a kettle, singing comfortably—kept there always, day and night, but not for making tea, I promise you. As for the room itself, it was exactly like a ship's cabin, being narrow and low, and fitted with shelves and drawers. On one side was a pallet, something like a bunk in an officer's cabin, with a flock mattress upon it, and a pair of blankets rolled up snug. Here the apothecary slept when the weather was cold, that is to say, nearly all the year round. Herbs and drugs tied in bundles hung from the rafters, as onions hang in a farm-house; the window was a lattice, with small diamond panes set in lead; above the mantel-shelf hung a silver watch; on the shelf itself stood a pair of brass candlesticks, the model of a ship full rigged—her name written in red ink on a wooden stand, "*The King Solomon*, of Bristol"—a pair of ship's pistols, a tobacco jar, and two or three long pipes. The apothecary's great wig, which he wore every evening at the club, hung from a peg on the wall behind the elbow chair; and in the corner of the room opposite the chair there was a very fearful and terrible thing until you grew accustomed to it, when you ceased to fear it. This was nothing less than a stick painted red and black, with bright-colored feathers tied round it, and surmounted by a grinning human skull. It was a magic stick, called, we were told, the Ekpenyong, or skull-stick, by the Mandingo sorcerers—a thing only to be handled by an Obeah man, the possession of which is supposed by negroes either to confer or to proclaim wonderful powers, and cut from a juju or holy tree. Beside it lay two musical instruments, also from Africa—one a hollow block of wood covered with a sheep-skin, and the other a kind of rude guitar. This stick it was which caused the apothecary to be greatly respected by the Admiral's negroes, as you will presently hear. He who has such a stick can catch the shadow, as they say, that is, the soul, of a man; and set Obi upon him, that is to say, bring suffering, sorrow, and shame upon him. So that the possessor of a skull-stick is a person greatly to be feared and envied.

There was an open cupboard beside the fire, in which were household stores, such as bacon, cheese, butter, bread, strings of onions, a two-gallon jar or firkin of rum, plates and knives, for the room was a kitchen as well as an eating-room and a sleeping-room. Once a week or so, if business was slack and there was nothing else to do, the assistant might, if he thought of it, come with a broom and sweep the dust out into the street. But I do not remember that the room was ever washed. And what with the tobacco, the stores in the cupboard, the rum, the drugs hanging from the rafters, and the contents of the shelves, the place had, to a sailor, exactly the smell of the cockpit or orlop deck after a long voyage; for in that part of the ship are kept the purser's stores, the bo's'n's stores, the spirit-room, the surgeon's store-room, the midshipmen's berths and their mess. For this reason, perhaps, its owner, who had been a sailor, would never open the window, and always, on returning home, sniffed the air of the room with a peculiar satisfaction.

The great chair—which might have served for the chair of a hall porter, having a broad low seat and a high back with arms—was stuffed or padded with three or four pillows, and in the midst of the pillows lay an old man sleeping. This was Mr. Brinjes, the famous Apothecary of Deptford. He was small of stature and thin: his face (over one eye was a black patch) was creased and lined like a russet apple, which shrinks before it rots; his chin was hollow; his head, covered with a padded silk nightcap, was sunk deep in the pillows like a child's; he lay upon his side; his feet, stretched out, were propped on a footstool; one hand was under his cheek, and the other hung over the arm of the chair (you might have noticed that the skin of his hand was wrinkled and loose, as if the bones belonged to an occupant smaller than was at first intended). As he lay asleep there he looked like one in extreme old age, such as may be seen in country villages, where they take a pride in showing the visitor, in proof of the healthiness of the country air, some old gaffer of a hundred years and more sitting before a fire.

Through the open door could be seen the shop. It was small, like the parlor behind it. The rafters were hung with dried herbs; the shelves were full of bottles. There was a chair for the reception of those patients who could not stand; there was a counter, with scales great and small; a pestle and mortar; a box containing surgical instruments—the pincers for pulling out teeth, the cup, the basin, the blister, and the other horrid tools of the surgeon's craft. The assistant stood at the counter, rolling pills and mixing medicines—a sallow, pasty-faced youth with a pair of swivel eyes, which moved with independent action; a young man who walked about without noise, and worked all day without stopping, yet looked discontented, perhaps because he was compelled to taste the medicines, and his stomach kicked thereat. The door was always open, because the window gave little light, partly because it was never cleaned, partly because there was a shelf with bottles before it, and partly because the glass was full of bull's-eyes, which give strength, no doubt, yet keep the room obscure. At the end of the counter was the stool on which Mr. Brinjes sat every morning, in his gown and nightcap, from eight o'clock until half past twelve, receiving patients. Before him, on the counter, was a great book, containing, I now suppose, a Repertory or Collection of Instructions concerning Symptoms of Diseases and Methods of Treatment; but the common sort always supposed that it was a book of Spells, and to be the means by which Mr. Brinjes was enabled to communicate with a certain Potentate, who helped him and did his bidding, at what price and for what reward these people freely whispered to each other. On Sunday morning (this must have been a bitter bolus to the Evil One) Mr. Brinjes and his assistant let blood gratis to whoever wished for that wholesome refreshment; and every morning he pulled out teeth at a shilling or half a crown (according to the means of the customer), his assistant holding the patient in his chair, and receiving those kicks and cuffs which in the extremity of his agony the sufferer too often deals out.

In such a town as Deptford it is natural that the common people should resort to the herb woman for the cure of their ailments. It was not until she had failed that they came to Mr. Brinjes, and then with doubt whether he would choose to treat them. As for his power to cure, if he pleased, there was no doubt about that. It was whispered that he knew of charms by which he could constrain a person, even in the misery of toothache, to fall sound asleep, and continue asleep while Mr. Brinjes would take out a tooth, without causing him to awaken, or to feel any pain whatever; but these things we may not believe, however well authenticated, unless we would seriously accuse him of magic. As for fevers, rheumatisms, difficulty of breathing, coughs, scurvy, and the other afflictions by which we are reminded that this is but a transitory world, it was believed by the better sort of Deptford that there was no physician in London itself more skilful than Mr. Brinjes, and that by certain preparations, the secret of which he alone knew, and had learned in his voyages in many foreign parts, especially on the west coast of Africa, where the negroes possess many strange secrets of nature, he had acquired a singular mastery over every kind of disease. He has been known, as I myself who write this history can testify (it was in the case of Admiral Sayer's great toe), to relieve a man in one hour of the gout, though he had been roaring for a fortnight with his foot tied up in flannel. It was also whispered of him that by magic or witchcraft Mr. Brinjes could bring diseases upon those who offended him, and that he could avert all the misfortunes to which mankind are liable in shipwreck, drowning, wounds, and death. But it is idle to repeat the things which were said of him. Certain it is that he possessed wonderful secrets for the cure of disease, however he came by them. Warts he removed by looking at them, and by a prophecy that they would be gone in so many days; a sprained ankle he would set at ease by simply rubbing the part with his open hand; sciatica, lumbago, pleurisy, and other such disorders he healed in the same way, foretelling on each occasion how long it would be before the malady would cease. Those who were so treated declared that the apothecary's hand became like a red-hot iron in the rubbing. Rheumatism, it was certain, he cured by making the patient carry a potato in his pocket; though what he did, if he did anything, to the potato first, in order to endow it with this virtue, is not known. As for earache, faceache, toothache, tic, and such disorders, it was believed that he could order their removal at will. Further, it was said of him that he could, also at will, command these diseases to seize upon a man and torture him. How he did this, no one can explain; but the testimony of many still living proves that he did it. I pass over the report that in calling these pains to seize upon a man, his one eye glowed like a red-hot coal and sent forth flashes of fire. Such rumors show only how much he was feared and respected by the people. They came to him also for amulets and charms, which he did not always refuse to give, for protection of those who carried them from drowning, hanging, burning, the shot of cannon, and the stroke of steel. It is true that his amulets were simple things; we cannot understand how the tooth of a snake, even with the poison in it, can avail against drowning if one who cannot swim should tumble into deep water, nor how the head of a frog wrapped in silk can, without any other magic, protect a man against the gallows. But there are many other things which everybody believes, quite as difficult to explain; as, for instance, why the gall of the barbel causeth blindness; why cock ale cureth consumption; why an onion hung round the neck of a beast, and the next day boiled and buried, cureth distemper in cattle; or why the finger cut from the hand of a hanged man taketh away a wen. Yet these are in the nature of amulets as much as any of those prepared by Mr. Brinjes. At this time he had been in the town some fifteen years, having appeared one day about the year 1735. Nobody knew who he was or whence he came; his parentage, his Christian name, his birthplace, were all unknown. He never spoke of any relations, and at his first coming he seemed to be as old as now, so that some, when they saw the sign of the Silver Mortar put up, and the gallipots ranged in the shop, laughed to think of so old and decrepit a man beginning trade as an apothecary.

Whatever his age, he was not decrepit, but strong and hale, though shrunken in figure, with a wrinkled skin and a face covered with lines and crow's-feet. He suffered from no ailments, was always brisk and active, and had, in his talk and understanding, no apparent touch of age. Further, it soon became known that here was a man who could effect marvellous cures, so that the people began to flock to him, not only from Deptford and the river-side, where he first courted custom, but also from Greenwich, on the one hand, and Redriffe, Bermondsey, and Southwark, on the other.

He received these people every day—from eight in the morning until half past twelve—dressed in an old brown coat, gone into holes at the elbows, or even without any coat at all; on his head, an old scratch wig; and on his feet, slippers tied with tape. But slovenly as was his dress, and unworthy the dignity of a physician, he was sharp and quick with the patients, telling them plainly, while he gave them medicine, whether they would recover or when they would die, and whether he could help them or no. At the stroke of half past twelve he got off his stool and retired to his parlor, where, with his own hand, he every day fried or griddled a great piece of beefsteak, with a mess of onions, carrots, and other vegetables, and presently devoured it, with a tankard of black beer, choosing to do everything with his own hand, even to the filling of his kettle and the washing of his dishes, rather than have a woman-servant in the place. This done, he made up the fire, put away his plates, settled himself among his pillows, and fell fast asleep. Thus he continued for two or three hours, no one daring to disturb him or to make the least noise. When, on this day, he began to move, stretching out first one leg, and then the other, turning over on his back, and fidgeting with his hands, the elder boy nodded to the younger, who reached a bundle of papers from the topmost shelf, and laid them on the table as if in readiness. This done, they waited.

The old man yawned, sighed, and opened his remaining eye—'twas a pale blue eye of amazing keenness and brightness. Then he sat up suddenly with a start, and looked about him with a quick suspicious glance, as if he had been sleeping in some place where there were wild animals to fear or savage men. You could then perceive that his features were sharp, and apparently not much altered by his years, his chin being long and pointed, his lips firm, and his nose straight, as if he was a masterful man who would have his way. As for his remaining eye (no one ever learned where the sight of the other had been lost), though it was so bright, it had a quick and watchful expression, such as may be perceived in the eyes of those creatures who both hunt and are hunted. You will not see this look in the eyes of Dido, the lioness of the Tower, because the lion hunts but is never hunted. Being reassured as to tigers or fierce Indians, Mr. Brinjes rose from the chair, and as if not yet wholly awake, yet already conscious, he took a glass and half filled it with rum, then, with the utmost care and nicety (your drinkers of rum punch care very little how much rum is in the glass, but are greatly afraid of putting in too much of the other components), added sugar, lemon, and water. This done, he stirred the contents, rolled it about in the glass, and drank half of it.

"I have again returned," he said, "to the world of life. To all of us who are old, when we close our eyes in sleep we know not whether we shall not keep them closed in death, which sometimes thus surprises those who have lived long. But I have returned—aha!—and with reasonable prospect of another evening of tobacco and punch." Here he sipped his liquor. "I take this glass of punch, boys," he explained, "for the good of the stomach, and the prevention of ill humors and vapors. Otherwise these might rise to the brain, which is a part of man's mechanism more delicate than any other, and as easily put off the balance as the mainspring of a watch." Here he drank again, but slowly, and by sips, as becomes one who loves his drink. "I am now old; when a man is old he is fortunate if he can breathe free, sleep sound, walk upright, eat his dinner, and still drink his punch. Some men there are, not so old as myself—no, not by ten years—who fetch their breath with difficulty, whereas I breathe freely; others are troubled and cannot sleep for racking pains, whereas I have none; and others cannot eat strong meats, and would die—poor devils!—of a bowl of punch. Better be dead than live like that; better lie buried with a mile of blue water over your head, and the whales flopping around your grave on the sea-weed. There can be no more comfortable and quiet lying than the bottom of the sea." He shook his head solemnly. "When a man cannot any longer fight and make love, there is but one thing left to rejoice his heart." He finished the glass. "And when he cannot drink, let him die."

He sat down again in his great chair; but he sat upright, looking about him, now thoroughly awake and alert.

"In sleep," he said, "it is as if one were already dead; awake, it is as if one could not die. Ha! Death is impossible. The blood it runs as strong, the pulse it beats as steady, as when I was a boy of thirty. Why, I am young still! I am full of life! Give me fifty years more—only a poor short fifty years—what is it when the time has gone?—and I will make, look you, such a medicine as shall keep a man alive forever! It will be done some day, alas! when I am gone. It will be too late for me, and I must die. But not yet—not yet. Oh! we are born too soon—a hundred years and more too soon. When a man is old he is apt to feel the near presence of Death. Not, mind you, when he is asleep, or when he is awake, but when he is between the two. Then he sees the dart aimed at his heart, and the scythe ready to cut him down, and the bony fingers clutching at his throat. It is as if life were slipping from him, just as the pirate's plank slips under the weight of the prisoner who has to walk upon it."

"When a man's time comes," said Jack, with wisdom borrowed from his friends at Trinity Hospital—"when a man's time comes, down he goes."

"Ay. It's easy talking when you are young, and your time hasn't come by many a day; the words drop out glib, and seem to mean nothing. Wait, my lad—wait till you have had your day. To every man his day. First the fat time, then the lean time; or else it's first the lean time, then the fat time. For most, old age is the lean time. But the world is full of justice, and there is always a fat time in every man's life. When there's peace upon the seas, the merchant-man sails free and happy, buying skins and ivory, spices and precious woods, for glass beads and cotton. So trade prospers. And then the King's sailors and marines and the privateers must needs turn smugglers, and so find their way to the gallows. Then cometh war again, and the honest fellows have another turn with fighting and taking of prizes and cutting out of convoys. Yes, boys, the world is full of justice, did we but rightly consider; and every one doth get his chance. As for you, Bess, my girl, it shall be a brave lover, in the days when thou shalt be a lovely girl and a goddess. As for you, boys—well—and presently you will become old men like unto me." He sighed heavily. "And then"—he took the saucepan from the hob, stirred it about, and smelled the stuff that was simmering in it—"I doubt if this mixture— Children, we are all born a hundred years too soon—a hundred years at least. Yet if I had but fifty years before me, I think I could find the secret to stay old age and put off natural decay. The Coromantyns are said to have the secret, but they keep it to themselves; and I have questioned Philadelphy, who is a Mandingo, in vain. Well"—again he sighed, as he put back his saucepan—"I have slept, and I am alive again, with another evening before me, and more punch. Let us be thankful. Jack, unroll the charts, and let me look upon the world again."

The charts, which the younger boy had already laid upon the table, were stained and thumb-marked parchments, originally drawn by some Spanish hand, for the names were all in Spanish; but they had been much altered and corrected by a later hand—perhaps that of Mr. Brinjes himself. They showed the Atlantic and the Indian oceans, together with a map of the Eastern Islands and the unknown Magellanica, or Terra Australis. The last-named was traversed by several lines in blue ink, showing the routes of voyagers both early and recent, each with a name written above it, as Magellans, 1520; Francis D'Ovalle, 1582; Mendana, 1595; Drake, 1577; Candish, 1586; Oliver Noort, 1599; Le Maire, 1615; Tasman, 1642; John Cook, 1683; Woodes Rodgers, 1708; Clipperton, 1719; Shelvocke, at the same time. There was another route laid down across the ocean, much more devious than any of the others, and without name, and marked in red ink.

When these maps were spread out upon the table, Mr. Brinjes rose and stood gazing upon them, as if, by the mere contemplation of the coast lines, he was enabled actually to see the places which he had visited or heard of. There was no place in the whole world that is visited by ships (because I do not pretend that Mr. Brinjes knew the interior of the great continents) whereof he could not speak as from personal knowledge, describing its appearance, the character of the people, the soundings, and the nature of the port or roadstead.

But mostly Mr. Brinjes loved to talk of pirates, rovers, or adventurers, whether of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when they had a golden time indeed, or of our own time, which has seen many of these gentry; though now, instead of receiving knighthood, as was formerly the custom, they are generally taken ashore and hoisted on a gibbet. Thus Mr. Brinjes would lay his forefinger on the island of Madagascar, and tell us of Captain Avery and his settlement on the north of this great island, where every one of his men became like a little sultan or king, each with a troop of slaves, and being no better than pagans, every man with a seraglio of black wives. For aught anybody knows to the contrary, they or their sons are living on the island in splendor to this day, though their famous captain hath long since been dead. Or he would point out the island of Providence, in the Bahamas, where there was formerly a rendezvous, which continued for many years, of those who combined together to prey upon the Spanish commerce. "And think not, boys," said Mr. Brinjes, solemnly, "that to sail in search of the great plate ships can be called piracy, for pirates are the common enemies of all flags, and must be hanged when they are taken prisoners; whereas he who takes or sinks a Spanish vessel performs a meritorious action, and one that he will remember with gratitude upon his death-bed, since they are a nation more blood-thirsty, cruel, and avaricious than any other, and papists to boot. It is true that there were some of those who sailed from Providence that took other ships, of whom Major Bonnet was one. Boys, I knew the Major well. He was a gentleman of good family from Barbadoes, and I cannot but think that he was unlawfully hanged, the evidence being suborned. A man of kindly and pleasing manners, who loved the bowl and a song, and was greatly loved by all his crew and those who knew him. But he is gone now, and those like unto him as well, so that the Spaniard sails the Atlantic in peace, though we have robbed him of some of his dominions. Alas! what things the Spanish Main hath witnessed! what deeds of daring, and what sufferings!"

Then he pushed this chart aside, and considered that which showed the West Coast of Africa, a part of the world which he regarded with a particular admiration, though I have always understood that it is full of fevers and diseases of a deadly kind. He knew, indeed, all the harbors, creeks, river mouths, and other places from Old Calabar to the Gambia, where such notorious desperadoes as Captain Thatch, otherwise called Blackbeard, or as Captain Bartholomew Roberts, made their rendezvous, where they refitted, and whence they sailed to plunder the merchantmen of all countries. These men Mr. Brinjes knew well, and spoke of them as if they had been friends of his own, and especially the latter. I know not in what manner he acquired this knowledge of a man who was certainly a most profligate villain. He it was whose squadron of three ships was destroyed by Captain Sir Chaloner Ogle, of the *Swallow*, in the year 1722, the pirate himself being killed in the first broadside, and fifty-two of his men afterward hung in chains along the coast near Cape Coast Castle.

"Boys," said Mr. Brinjes, "those who know not the West Coast of Africa know not what it is to live. What? Here, there are magistrates and laws; there, every man does what he pleases. Here, the rich take all; there, all is divided. Here, men go to law; there, men fight it out. What do they know here of the fierce passions which burn in men's hearts under the African sun? There is summer all the year round; there are fruits which you can never taste; there are—but you would not understand. How long ago since I have seen those green shores and wooded hills, and watched the black girls lying in the sun, and took my punch with the merry blades, who now are dead and gone? Strange that the world should be so full of fine places, and we should be content to live in this land of fog and cold!"

Then he pushed this chart away also, and took another, that of the great Pacific Ocean, marked, as I have said, with half a dozen routes, and especially by a broad red line, without a name or date. When Mr. Brinjes laid his finger on this route, he became serious and thoughtful.

"It is forty years"—he began—"forty years since I sailed upon these seas. Of all the crew, doth any survive, save me alone? Forty years! The men were not so fierce as those on the West Coast—the air is milder—they would rest and sleep in the shade rather than fight. Forty years ago!"

The boys were silent, till he should choose to tell us more.

"On board that ship I was rated as surgeon, and at first had plenty to do sewing up wounds and healing broken heads; for though there was a rule against fighting, it was a reckless company of rum-drinking, quarrelsome, fighting devils as ever trod the deck. We had music on board: two horns, till one fell overboard, two violins, and a Welsh harp. In the evening, when there was no fighting, there was music and dancing. 'Twas a happy barky. It was a merchantman, and we shipped our crew and fitted out at Kingston first and Providence next."

"Where the pirates used to assemble?" said Jack.

"True. The crew were mostly rovers. What then? If you venture into the Pacific you must needs carry a fighting crew. We had plenty of arms and ammunition, and not a man on board but had been in a dozen actions by sea and land. But only a merchantman."

Jack shook his head, as if there were doubts in his mind. Then he laughed.

Mr. Brinjes laid his finger on the red line where it began at Providence Island.

"Forty years ago. It was a voyage among seas where there's never a chart; among reefs and rocks not laid down, and along shores no sailors knew. The end of the voyage was disastrous, but the beginning promised well, for the men were full of heart, if ever men were, and the prize we were after was worth taking."

"Prize?" said Jack. "For a merchantman?"

"Merchantman she was, this side Cape Horn. I only meant this side. When you double the cape, that is another matter. A man in those seas sails as happy under the Jolly Roger as under the Union-Jack. A merchantman she was, and built at Bristol, christened the *King Solomon*, 400 tons; and when we sailed she carried twenty-two long nine-pounders and two three-pounders, with a crew of 170 men, besides a dozen or so of negro grummets. Don't you forget, my lad, there's only two flags in those seas—the Spaniard and the Jolly Roger. Take your choice, therefore." He paused to let that choice be taken. "We sailed through Magellan's Straits, taking six weeks over the job, what with contrary winds and storms. When we got out of that place—which, I take it, is the worst navigation in the world—we steered nearly due north for Juan Fernandez, where the Spaniards go from the South American ports to fish. Here it is on the chart." His finger was following the red track. "A mighty pretty place it is. This is where Woodes Rogers set ashore one of his men and left him alone. After watering, we sailed away, still north, to the Galapagos, where the pirates rendezvous."

"They are pirates, then, after all?" Jack interrupted.

"The Spaniards call them such, whereas if they do fly the black flag, it is only to strike more terror into the enemy, and make them quicker to cry for quarter. Pirates, were we? Well, pirates or not, there was no man on board that craft but was an honest Englishman by birth. At Galapagos Islands we laid up to scrape and tallow the vessel, and to cure the scurvy, which had already broken out, with the limes and oranges and bananas which grow wild there, as well as the tobacco plant. The pigs run wild there, too; and if the wells only ran rum as well as water, one might as well be in heaven at once; and there would be no need for the sailor to put to sea any more, nor any wisdom in leaving those islands." He sighed, thinking of pleasant days in the Galapagos. "But we were not cruising in these seas for pleasure, and we had our work to do. Wherefore we made haste and got to sea again. What were we cruising for? Why, my lads, in hopes of coming across the great Spanish galleon, which goes twice every year from Manilla to Acapulco and back laden with treasure, so that every man on board, could we take that ship, would be made for life.

"When we left the Galapagos every man's heart was light, and there was nothing on board but drinking, singing, and gambling, with a fair wind, and the ship taut and trim, and within a few days of the Spaniard's course. He sails these seas as if they were his own, with never a thought of trouble or meeting an enemy. We had fair weather for ten days, making, at a guess, a hundred and eighty knots a day on a nor'west course; so that, after a week or so, we were in the latitude of Acapulco, and, according to my observations, two hundred miles west of that port, that is to say, almost in the track of the galleons, which sail, as is well known, in an even course about lat. 13 N. And for why? If you set sail from Manilla—here," he pointed out that distant island on the chart, "through the Strait of Mindovo, and past Cape Espiritu Santo, you have got between the Ladrones and Acapulco, which is close upon two thousand knots, nothing but blue water. If any other nation besides the Spanish held these seas, they would have been everywhere navigated long ago. But these lubbers care for nothing but to keep out of danger, wherefore they sail where there are no islands. Sometimes, by reason of contrary winds, and the compass, which veers about in these waters as if the Devil had it, these ships are blown north and south. I have conversed with Spanish sailors who had been thus driven north, and they reported open seas, though the charts and maps do still lay down a continent between Asia and America.

"It is a most terrible voyage, full of dangers, on account of the tempests which blow there, and because the crews have to live so long on salted provisions and bad water, whereby many grievous diseases are engendered, of which I learned something. There is, for instance, that disease which the Spaniards call the 'Lobillo,' which doth commonly fall upon men who have been living at sea for many weeks upon this diet. I do not know the remedies, if any there be, for this affliction, whereby the body swells up like a bladder which is blown out, and the patient falls to prattling and babbling until he dies. There is also what they call the Dutch Disease, which attacks the gums, and is, I take it, nothing but scurvy, and can only be cured by being set ashore. Then there is an intolerable itching of the whole body, caused by the saltness of the beef and of the air. For this there is no remedy but patience and limes, when these can be procured. There are insects also, which the Spaniards call 'Gorgojos,' which are said to be bred in the biscuit, and creep into the body, under the skin, whence they are difficult to dislodge, and do itch intolerably day and night, so that some have been known to go mad with the discomfort of it, and have leaped overboard.

"When, therefore, we were in the latitude where we might expect any day to see a sail—every sail being a Spanish ship, and every Spanish ship a rich galleon—a reward was offered to him who would first spy a sail. But here we were unlucky, for a hurricane fell upon us, drove us off our course, and for four days we scudded, looking for nothing else but destruction, being too low in the waist and too high in the stern for such weather. However, by the Lord's help, the storm at length abated, but not before we were driven a long way north of our course, and in sight of the great island named California." He covered it with his thumb. "Nobody hath yet circumnavigated this island; but it is reported mountainous and sterile. Yet—Lord! what a place for rovers when they get the sense to make here a settlement for the annoyance of the Spaniard! Madagascar itself was not more plainly marked out by Providence for the use of rovers. I am old now, or else would I plant a colony myself, with a fleet of half a dozen frigates and a few fast-sailing sloops, and so destroy the Spanish trade of the Pacific. No European sail, I take it, hath gone further north."

Indeed, the coast line at this point was dotted to show that it was conjectural; it ran straight across the Pacific, in the line of latitude 35 N., to join the coast of China.

"The storm then abating, we repaired damages, and set sail again, designing to shape our course southward, with the view of getting once more into the enemy's course. That night, I remember, the light of Saint Elmo showed upon the foretop, at which we greatly rejoiced, as a certain sign and promise of fair weather, and every man saluted it mannerly, as they use in the Mediterranean. On the sixth day after the storm we sighted an island not laid down on any chart; but we touched not at it. Three days later, the sea having been as smooth as the pool of the Thames, we made land again. This time it was the island of Donna Maria Laxara, so called after a Spanish lady, who here leaped overboard and drowned herself for love. But mark the ways of Providence! If it had not been for that tempest, which drove us off our course, what happened afterward never would have happened."

"What did happen?"

"A strange thing. The strangest thing that ever you heard of. If you want to be rich, Jack, my lad, I will some day teach you how; and that in the easiest way you can imagine. If I live—alas!"

"What way? Tell me now."

But Mr. Brinjes would tell no more. He continued gazing at the chart, and following an imaginary course with his forefinger, as if he loved the recollection of that voyage, even though the end of it had been disastrous. Then he pushed it from him with a sigh.

"Forty years ago, it was, boys. Forty years ago."

It was in this way, among others, that Jack acquired the knowledge of geography and the thirst which continually grew greater for voyaging among the strange and unknown parts of the habitable world. In the end, as you shall hear, no one went farther afield or had more adventures.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is reported from Nevada that a farmer in that State has bored a well that "sucks in air, and makes a loud whistling noise." The report does not say whether the farmer was pleased at having bored a well of this sort, merely intimating that he was considerably surprised. If he had been an ancient Chinese, he would have been pleased, for that people, it is said, believed that life was prolonged by "swallowing the breath," or accumulating air in the system; and if they had caught the earth swallowing its breath, they undoubtedly would have considered it a good omen. The "vital aura" was what the ancient Chinese used to call the air thus acquired. They would have been profoundly impressed by the circumstance of Mother Earth drinking in the vital aura with a loud whistling noise.

A newspaper criticism of a performance by the American Opera Company in Chicago says that "the orchestra filled the house and then seemed to swell away," and further, that "when the curtain fell, all went out with a hushed tone." Ambitious writing is unduly amusing sometimes. Two reporters on a certain occasion attended an execution at the Tombs. As the condemned man appeared, the spectators removed their hats and became very still. One of the reporters, who was writing rapidly for an afternoon paper, whispered to the other, asking for some phrase to describe the impressive silence. "Oh," said the other, "say something about its being a mute tribute to approaching death." The pencil flew, and in the paper that afternoon one sentence in the account of the execution was, "Silence, as a mute tribute to approaching death, now took place."

The cost of a doctor's visit in China is said to range from five to ten cents. It is about the same as that of a small box of strawberries hereabouts in the month of June. One would think that, inasmuch as they are so cheap, nobody would be without doctors' visits in China; but, as a fact, we believe the Chinese get along with as few of them as possible. The reason is said to be that the Mongolian doctors use such abominable medicines. Extracts of all sorts of creeping things enter into the Chinese drug list, and people are averse to taking them except in cases of extreme necessity. It is possible that the doctors have purposely provided themselves with these offensive remedies as a means of self-protection. It would be very wearing to be a popular physician at five cents a visit. One might run his legs off, and get no sleep, for a reward that would discourage him if he were in the laundry business over here. He accordingly makes himself unpopular through the medium of medicines decocted of beetles and grasshoppers and such things. He prefers simple poverty to poverty complicated with running about.

In answer to a correspondent, a New York newspaper says that "the growth of the human body stops by the time a person attains the age of twenty-five years." It would have been interesting if the newspaper had told for how long it stops. Certainly it goes on again, as any gentleman who was slender at thirty and has lost the hollow of his back at forty-five will testify. Procrustes used to make bodies grow at any time of life, provided they didn't fit his bed, and Nature seems to be about as competent as Procrustes was, although she does her work latitudinally, and with a merciful deliberation.

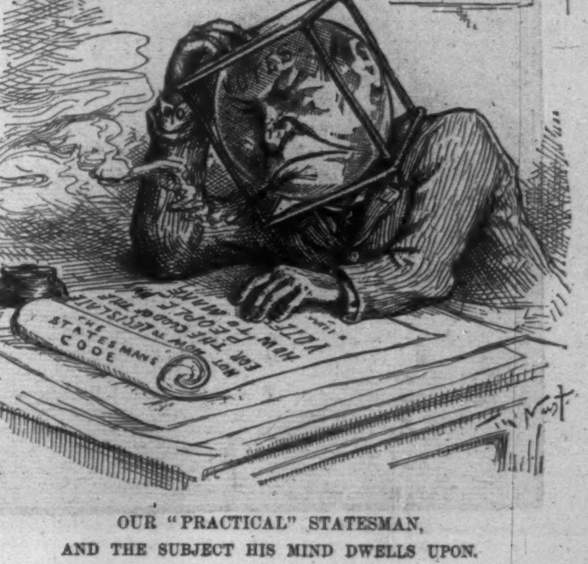
It seems abnormal enough for pickerel to be devouring seven-year-old shad, but that is what the pickerel are reported to be doing with the shad in Lake Ontario. It seems that the shad fry with which the lake was abundantly stocked seven years ago turned out to be dwarfs. The largest are not over seven inches long. There are millions of them. They are not fit for man's eating, but the pickerel and bass like them and thrive upon them.

A resident of Ozark County, Missouri, complains of the notoriety that has been obtained by various showers of hailstones of the size of walnuts in Texas, while hailstones measuring six inches in diameter and weighing over a pound, which fell in Ozark County on May 6, have passed without newspaper notice. The Missouri hailstones, he declares, broke through roofs of three layers of shingles, killed three deer, and crippled a number of domestic cattle. The hailstones lay in drifts four feet deep in places, and at the end of two weeks these drifts had not entirely melted away.

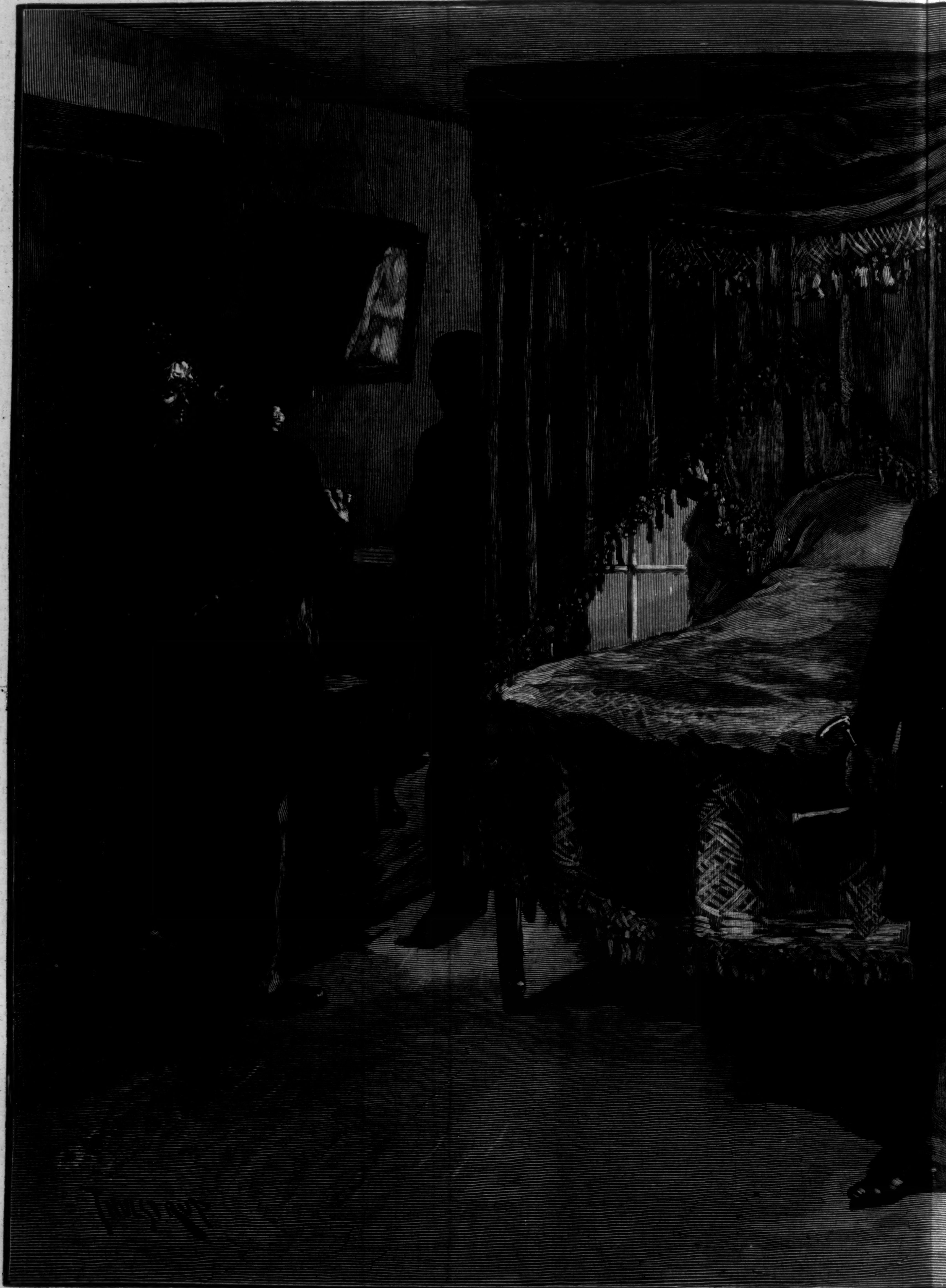
A very painful occurrence is reported from a school in Fall River, Massachusetts. One of the boys in the back part of the room cut some "monkey-shine," which set the whole school in a titter. It so happened the teacher observed the act. He strode down the aisle, and in a moment was carrying out the advice of Solomon upon the person of a writhing and sobbing pupil. That of course was painful, but it was not the most painful part of the incident. As the master finished, the wretched little victim managed to remark, "Please, sir, I am not the boy." The master turned a withering look upon him; but the boy was right. The master, to his own great confusion and pain, at once saw that he was. He had had the right boy in his eye and in his mind, but in the eagerness of his just wrath had seized upon another. The smart was upon the innocent, and the blameless had been made to suffer.

Measurements of the speed of the swallow have recently been made at Pavia, and two birds flew to that town from Milan at the rate of eighty-seven miles an hour. It is not stated that the experiments were made for the purpose of fixing a standard of speed for the United States war vessels which are in contemplation; but it is interesting to think, if the new ships should be built to go as fast as these wonderfully fleet birds, how very much like the steadfast wharves along the East River the old navy would be made to appear.

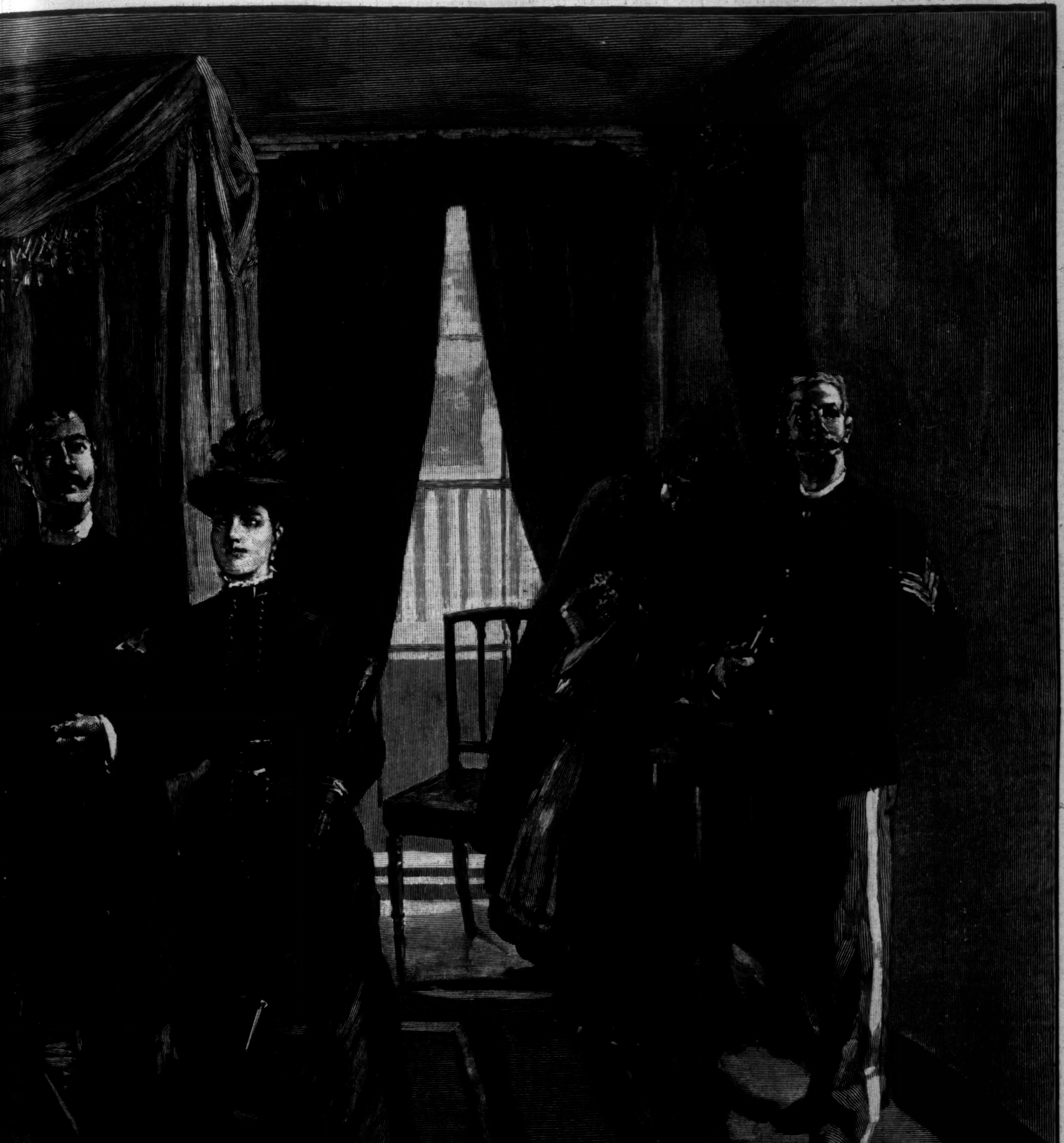
Each of the twenty-five thousand locomotives in the United States carries a head-light, and the engines in America always have carried head-lights for the illumination of the track at night. Somebody now says that they are not only useless, but that they are annoying to the engineer, and increase the danger of travel. They make green lights yellow, and red and blue lights pale. Still, the head-lights will probably remain until something more authoritative is said against them. A man with a very slight and silken beard once declared that among the senseless customs of the world was the use of soap in shaving, but men with stiff beards continue to use soap.



OUR "PRACTICAL" STATESMAN,
AND THE SUBJECT HIS MIND DWELLS UPON.



MOUNT VERNON—THE ROOM IN WHICH GEORGE WA



ASHINGTON DIED.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 430.]

CYNIC FORTUNE:*

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "First Person Singular," "Rainbow Gold," "A Model Father," etc.

XVIII.

It has been said already that Mr. Sullivan found the task he had taken upon himself a heavier one than he had expected, but it had never felt so intolerable as now. The secret itself would have been enough to weigh him down; but Peltzer's nearness, the ghastly, unlooked-for effect his communication had had upon Kenyon, his fears on the one side and his sympathies on the other, drove him wellnigh distracted.

"You and I," said the Major, "are going to have a talk together."

"I have left my hat inside the house," responded Cyrus, inconsequently. He had fallen into that condition of mind in which it is only bearable to think of trifles.

"Never mind your hat," said the Major. "Come with me."

He released his captive, and by a gesture of the hand commanded him along the drive. Then, diverging to the left, he marched him across the lawn to a summer arbor, where he motioned him to sit down.

"I suppose," he began, severely, "that you are still under the impression that there may be something in this?"

"I am afraid there is," answered Cyrus; "I am afraid there is a good deal in it."

"Now," said Morton, sternly, "I shall advise you not to prevaricate with me. I shall offer one consideration for your acceptance which you seem to have overlooked. You came here for the purpose of extorting money from a man of high position by charging him with a crime. Are you aware, Mr. Sullivan, that by the English law any man who attempts to play that game becomes accessory to the crime, and may lay himself open to an equal punishment with the criminal?"

"You are quite wrong, Major Morton," said the wretched Cyrus, eagerly, "I didn't come here for any such purpose. He offered me money this morning, and I told him I wouldn't take a penny if I wanted bread."

"A liar," said the Major, "we can never trust, though he speak the thing that's true. But I shall be obliged if you will be as trustworthy as you can; and I may tell you that the less astonishing the things I hear from you may be, the more I shall be disposed to credit you."

"I didn't," cried Sullivan—"upon my word and soul I didn't! I did at first—I confess I did—but when I came down here, and found that scoundrel Peltzer in the place last night— If you had seen, sir, how he gloated over it—"

"And you repent?" said the Major. "I am no great believer in sudden conversions."

"So far as I'm concerned," cried Sullivan, "I've done with it! I've put him on his guard, and I've done with it! If I'm an accessory, Major Morton, you're another! You know as much as I do. It's no more my place to denounce him than it is yours."

"I am not asking you to denounce him," said the Major. "I have said, until I am a little tired of saying it, that this is no affair of mine; but I have got a little way into it now, and I think I may as well go through with it."

In the intervals he had made in the operation of packing his kit together that morning, Major Morton had looked, perhaps, half a dozen times out of the window. When he looked out for the first time he had seen Helen and Dick together on the lawn below. The girl had not as yet begun to feel that sweet embarrassment which touched her later on, and she was laughing gayly in answer to some trivial jest of her companion's when the Major looked at her. He was an old campaigner, and toughened against most of the assaults of the world. But, confirmed old bachelor though he was, he was by no means hardened against the assaults of youth and beauty; and seeing the fair little creature there in the sunshine looking so bright and happy and pretty that she seemed to have a native right to live in sunshine always, the Major's heart was more touched than he cared to confess. The shadow of the house had fallen upon him, and he, the old campaigner, was running away from it. He was free to run away from it, and glad to do it, little as it touched him. But there was no running away from the shadow for her. If once it touched her, it must go with her wherever she went, and would never leave her until she fell into that deeper shadow which finally hides us all.

The Major had gone on with his packing, and had looked out a little later, and then he had seen the pair for a moment as they paused in their walk. The girl was looking down, and drawing patterns with the point of her parasol upon the ground. The lad was standing very near to her, and bending over her. A good lad and a stalwart, as the Major knew; honest, loyal-hearted, keen of feeling, quick to suffer. The shadow which threatened the girl would involve him also.

These reflections saddened the Major, and he tried to cast them off—for that was his manner of dealing with all sorts of troubles. But he could not help looking out from his window now and again, and whenever he saw the pair the reflections came back upon him until they made him downright miserable.

He had seen no way of warding off the impending blow at that time; but now, with Peltzer got rid of for the moment, and Sullivan in his hands, he began to think he might possibly discover a parry for this stroke of Fate.

"I will tell you candidly, Mr. Sullivan," he began, when he had paused for time to think things over, "that it is my purpose to frighten you from any further share in this enterprise. I think I shall succeed in doing it."

"I'm out of it already," said Cyrus, earnestly. "I only want to get my hat and go."

"It is very hard," said the Major, "in a case like this, to see where the whole of one's duty lies; but if I do not induce you and your brother-scoundrel to surrender your present devices, I will take it upon myself to blow the gaff on the whole rascally three of you."

"For Heaven's sake, Major Morton," Cyrus besought him, "don't put me into it! I wish I had never had anything to do with it."

"I wish you never had," responded the Major, dryly. "On your own showing, the French scoundrel could have done nothing without you."

"He can't do anything without me now!" cried Mr. Sullivan.

For the first time since he had begun to look upon this dark affair at all, a ray of light touched the Major's mind.

"Wait a bit," he said; "let me look at that."

The more he looked at it, the more he saw how likely to be true it was. He walked to the door of the summer arbor, and walked cautiously around on every side; and then returning, seated himself opposite to Sullivan, and placing both elbows on the small table which divided them, he spoke in low and guarded tones.

"I have had the story from you piecemeal," he began, "and I hardly know how much of what you have told me I may believe; but see if you cannot contrive to tell the truth for once in your life. . . . Something was done—the thing we are concerned about—it's of no use to use ugly words—upon a certain day in Paris. Do you know the date?"

"The Tenth of January, Eighteen-sixty-eight," said Sullivan, "was the day on which I left Paris."

"In pursuit?" said the Major.

Sullivan nodded, and whispered, "In pursuit."

"And you arrived," pursued the Major, "a week later, or thereabouts?" ("The arrival here," he said to himself, "would confirm the French rascal's story.") "Did the man you followed change his aspect much?" he asked, aloud. "Did he attempt to disguise himself?"

"He disguised himself completely," answered Sullivan. "I never saw a greater change in a man."

"How do you know that you followed the right man?" asked the Major.

"I knew that this morning," Sullivan whispered, with a scared countenance, "if I had never been sure of it before."

Major Morton retired from the position he had attempted to hold, but instantly assumed another. "Well, then," said he, "I presume I am justified in believing that you have had enough of this business?"

"Too much," said Cyrus; "I wish I had never touched it."

"Very well," said the Major. "It does not matter much to you why I choose that the whole thing should be buried?"

"Oh dear, no; not at all!" said Sullivan, with a tremulous readiness; "not in the slightest degree, I assure you, Major Morton."

"I may want your assistance," Morton continued, "in disposing of your brother-rascal."

"I think," urged Sullivan, "that you put it a little too severely against me."

"It is natural for you to think so," the Major answered, "but that is not a question which stands in urgent need of discussion just at present. What do you know about this fellow?"

"He was at the galleys," said Sullivan, "for years, and I fancy he must have done something since."

"That is satisfactory, so far as it goes," said the Major, "but I should like to have it a little clearer. What do you fancy he has done since then?"

"I don't know what it is," said Cyrus, "but when I was fool enough to speak to him at Piaggi's restaurant, I called him by his name, and he was horribly frightened."

"Um-m," said the Major; "I noticed the same thing myself this morning. It seems likely that a person of that name may be wanted."

"I am sure he's wanted," said Sullivan, "and I wish"—the little man clasped his hands together and wrung them hard—"I wish to Heaven the men who want him had him!"

"I think it probable," said the Major, "that your aspirations will be realized in the long-run. Take care, sir, that you do not fall into similar hands. I think you had best go now—the faster and the farther away the better."

In obedience to this blunt dismissal Cyrus arose, and, accompanied by the Major, timidly re-entered the hall, secured his hat, bowed mildly, and went away, stared at by one or two domestics who lingered to await the arrival of the doctor. His presence was naturally associated in their minds with their master's sudden illness, but nobody dared question him. He returned to the hotel, and was there informed that his late companion was in custody, and finding himself regarded with evident suspicion, he paid his bill, packed his effects in haste, and betook himself to the railway station. There he awaited the train in a compound of uncomfortable emotions, and being at last sluggishly borne away, vowed in his inmost heart to return no more to Perry Haughton.

Douglas had sighted the Major in the hall, and came forward to speak to him.

"This is a sad business," he said. "I am profoundly sorry for Miss Kenyon."

"So am I," Morton answered, with an air which Dick thought a little preoccupied and cold. But since the beginning of his visit to Perry Haughton Morton had been utterly unlike the genial Major Dick had known of old, or, at the best, had only been himself by fits and starts.

"I cannot be of any use here," said the Major, in the same dry and uninterested way; "but I won't leave the village until I get news of the invalid. You had better stay where you are, and I will take a walk." He marched off, with apparent stolidity and inward tenderness, and his walk led him to the village police-station, where he produced his card and announced himself to the inspector as the guest of Mr. Kenyon.

"I believe you have a Frenchman here in charge?" he said—"a man who was given into custody by Lord Bagleigh for creating a disturbance at the Lodge."

"Yes, sir," said the inspector; "and he's made a pretty tidy disturbance here since we've had the care of him. He's only just begun to quiet down a little now; but there's nobody here can make out a word he has to say for himself."

"I should like to see the man," said the Major, "if I may."

"Why, certainly, sir," the inspector answered—for a guest of Mr. Gabriel Kenyon's was likely to have his wishes attended to here as almost anywhere else in Perry Haughton—"but you'd better have a couple of men with you, for he's a teaser—if I make myself understood, sir."

"Give me one man," said the Major, "if you think it necessary."

The inspector, answering with alacrity that he would accompany the visitor himself, marshalled him to the cells. They were only two in number, for Perry Haughton was not rich in criminals, and an infrequent poacher, an occasional drunk and disorderly on a Saturday night, or at the village fair time, were, save on the rarest occasions, the only candidates for justice.

The inspector slid a key into the lock, and threw open the door, revealing the figure of M. Peltzer, who sat scowling and gnawing his nails in a corner.

"Oho," said he, rising to his feet, as he beheld the Major. "It is you again."

"Yes, Monsieur Gustave Peltzer, it is I," returned the Major, with great tranquillity.

He moved inside the cell. The inspector followed, and closed the door with a click behind him.

"Who are you?" said Peltzer, scowling at him with a face newly pale at this second mention of the name he dreaded; "and what do you want here?"

"I have the honor," said the Major, very suavely, "of being an intimate friend of M. le Colonel Tricot." The prisoner grew a little paler, and gnawed his nails, with a wicked, sideway look at his interlocutor. "Now," continued the old campaigner, "you will agree with me that if I were to send a telegraphic despatch to my friend in Paris, apprising him of the fact that Gustave Peltzer is in custody at Perry Haughton, it would be an extremely unpleasant thing for you."

Peltzer said nothing, but, still gnawing at his finger-nails, leaned his back against the wall, threw one leg over the other, and rolled his shoulders in defiance.

"Now if," pursued the Major, "I leave this cell without a promise on your part that you will go away in quiet, I shall send that telegraphic despatch at once, and you will wait here until such time as you are made over to the French authorities."

In the course of his walk toward the station, Morton had well considered that if this first shot should fail to hit the mark, he had yet arrows enough in his quiver to bring M. Peltzer down.

Peltzer changed the position of his feet and hands, but went on gnawing and staring savagely sideways at his visitor. "You understand that?" Morton asked him, quietly.

"Death of my life!" broke out Peltzer, wildly. "What am I? I am a leaf for every wind to blow about."

After this poetic outburst he resumed the seat he had occupied at the inspector's entrance, and glowered sullenly upon the floor.

"My time is of service," said the Major, "and I ask you to decide. Do you go, or do I wire to Paris?"

"I will go," said Peltzer.

"Very well," Morton answered, "you will go when you are allowed to go. But I have one or two things to tell you before we part. Any attempt on your side to extort money will be met by an immediate telegram to Paris. If you think to frighten us, you will have to stand your trial as an accessory after the fact. Your extensive experience in criminal jurisprudence will no doubt tell you what that means. And you will remember that you can prove nothing until you prove that you are Gustave Peltzer. You observe—for I should like to enforce a lesson even upon such a fool as you are—that you have played a stupid game."

"Am I free?" said Peltzer, rising.

"I believe not," the Major answered. "Remember," he added, half turning his back upon the glowering scoundrel, "a word from you and a telegraphic line from me."

"And remember," Peltzer retorted, "a word from you and then the whole accursed history from me."

"Perfectly," replied the Major; "a clear bargain. Thank you, Mr. Inspector."

"He seems to have sobered down a bit since he came in," said the inspector, as he and the Major left the cell together.

"He had been drinking this morning," said the Major, "and has had time to recover himself a little."

"It's a rare good gift, and very valuable, sir," observed the inspector, "to have the power of languages. There was a time in my history, sir, when I could have put on to my income, ah! pretty nearly five-and-twenty shillings a week, I should say, if I had only been able to speak French."

The Major allowed that the accomplishment was a useful one, said "Good-day" to the inspector, and strolled toward the Lodge, a little disposed to be triumphant, and very much disposed to be self-accusing and depressed.

"What am I doing?" he asked himself. "I am compounding a felony, I am sheltering a murderer, and helping him to live in the odor of sanctity. Why should I have meddled or made in the business at all? It was no affair of mine."

But then he thought of the girl, and took comfort from the reflection that he had diverted from her path the shadow that threatened to fall upon it.

"One must take the rough with the smooth, I suppose," said the Major, making an effort to be philosophical. "One may sometimes refrain from striking a scoundrel in order not to beat the inoffensive, and who am I that I should think myself entitled to yearn after pure and abstract justice? I never got it for myself, thank God!"

So he went on a little comforted, though still unable to approve of himself.

At the Lodge the news ran that Mr. Kenyon had recovered consciousness, had been seen by the doctor, and had been ordered rest and quiet.

Helen pressed the old campaigner to stay until the morning.

"Mr. Douglas is compelled to leave us for London to-morrow, and he would be glad of his old friend for a travelling companion."

Helen had heard much of the Major, and though he had by no means come up to those conceptions of himself which Dick's enthusiastic description had created, the girl was disposed to be loyal to her lover's idea of his friend, and was prepared to find all manner of good qualities in him. Morton accepted her invitation, though it went much against the grain with him to stay under the same roof with Kenyon, for whom, even apart from what he knew of him, he had conceived a mortal aversion.

He kept a great deal out of the way of the young people, and left Dick to the necessary work of support and consolation whilst he strolled about the gardens and wondered to find himself pitchforked into the middle of so strange a history.

Bagleigh had lingered to hear the news, and learning that there was no immediate danger to be dreaded, had ridden away again. The lovers were left to themselves, and made a great deal of progress, though the catastrophe of the day kept Douglas from further incursions into the land of actual love-making. It would have been quite base to take advantage of so mournful a circumstance as had befallen the household, and besides this he had an unaffected liking for Kenyon, and he was sorry for his illness.

On the morrow Gabriel was still too unwell to see his guests, and Dick and the Major went to London without taking personal leave of him. The younger man took what he felt to be a clandestine advantage of the situation, and had the grace to be ashamed of it whilst he took it.

"I trust," he said, blushing at his own duplicity in spite of all he could do—"I trust that if I can manage to get away from town for a day next week I may be allowed to run down and see how Mr. Kenyon is getting on?"

"We should think it very kind of you," Helen answered, shyer in look than common in these parting moments, "if you took so much trouble."

XIX.

The doctor had left behind him injunctions, imparted in an unctuous whisper which the patient had clearly overheard, that Mr. Kenyon was on no account to be subjected to annoyance. This tasted at once bitter and mawkish to the patient's palate. Annoyance! Could anything more feebly touch the state he lay in? Annoyance was to be avoided, and he lay suffering all possible torments of remorse and dread. He lay all day and suffered; he lay all night and suffered; there was nothing else to do. In the whole wide gamut of the ghostly noises of the night, no note sounded that did not wring his soul with fear. Every whisper of the trees, every murmur of the summer wind, laid a hand of unspeakable terror upon his spirit. He lay and watched the dim and narrow circle of light cast by the night-lamp, and listened with all his ears, and shrunk and shuddered in all his craven heart. If he could have foreseen this years ago, he might have foregone his crime. He thought so now, at least, and strove to hide himself in his own crevices, whilst he protested inwardly how truly he had long repented.

A dog would have been ashamed to propitiate an angry master as he tried by outcry, adulation, and fawning to propitiate Providence.

The doctor came in the morning.

"If there are any exciting causes, my dear sir, we must not consider them. We must study to preserve our tranquillity."

Gabriel could have groaned aloud, and would have done it but for his ever-present fear of betraying himself. In one respect, in the midst of all his cowardice, he conducted himself like a hero. He repressed all signs of fear.

If by any superhuman chance his enemy were here or near no longer, his one possibility of escaping detection lay in quiet. He knew this hope to be as wild, and in his own heart thought it to be as groundless, as anything he could imagine, but it came sometimes, and he welcomed it and gave it shelter.

Then he settled to the belief that the doctor's authority was strong enough whilst he continued in his present state to ward off intruders, even when they were so pressing as Monsieur Peltzer had proved himself to be. He yearned to make inquiries, and so to put an end to a suspense which, as he told himself, was more unbearable than any certainty; but he preferred the suspense to the certainty he dreaded, and so lay still and suffered his miseries as best he might.

Helen was constant in her attendance upon him, and he took the trouble of her face, which was little more than a reflection of his own, for a sign that things were ill outside. But on the third day, as he lay groping about in his mind for some safe way of putting his problem to the test, she entered and sat beside his bed, laying her hand upon one of his own which lay outside the coverlet, and gently stroking it.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1535.

"You look troubled, darling," he said, rolling his hollow eyes upon her. He was strangely altered, and bore little resemblance to the hale and hearty man he had been so short a time before. "You look troubled, darling."

"I *am* troubled," she responded, still fondling his hand.

Surely, he thought, if anything were spoken or suspected yet, she could never seem so kind.

"For me?" he asked.

"Why, for what else should I be troubled, dear?" she asked him in return.

"There is nothing else to trouble you?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Nothing but my illness?"

She thought him fanciful, perhaps a little inclined to wander in his wits.

"No, nothing but your illness, uncle. What else should there be?"

"What, indeed?" he answered, and tried to smile, with such a ghastly ill-success that he half frightened her. "Nothing outside my illness?"

"No, dear, no! Nothing in the world."

"You are quite sure?" he pressed her, growing a very little bolder, but rolling his greatened eyes about the chamber to make sure that they were alone.

"Quite sure," she answered.

He sunk back with a sigh of relief which Helen could not understand.

She sat then stroking his flaccid fingers, until at length he fell asleep.

It was not now as it had been when he had lain in the best bedroom of the King and Constitution. Then, though his illness was the cause of a good deal of gossip and speculation, he was left pretty severely to himself; but now he was a person of consideration in the county, and the county people came to see him, or, failing that, made kind inquiry about him. Few people liked him very much, but he was universally respected.

As a matter of course, on the surface of things here was no ground for suspicion of any sort. A most respected and valuable member of the ommunity had had a fainting-fit and lay ill after t, and that was all.

But Gabriel suspected everything and every-ody. To his mind it came natural to think that very caller had a special purpose in calling. he whole world watched him, and waited for he downfall which, as it seemed, must come. till, he heard nothing, and the silence was very readful to endure.

Bagleigh called daily, and once secured a mo-entary interview with Helen. The young no-leman was peculiarly embarrassed; and the girl, ho had always hitherto been cordial with him, as distinctly cool in her demeanor.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Bagleigh, "that I rgot that fellow, Miss Kenyon."

Helen looked inquiry.

"That fellow," pursued his Lordship, "who me here and made a row the day Mr. Kenyon as taken ill, you know? I forgot all about him."

"I suppose," said Helen, "that that was the isest thing to do."

"That's really very smart," returned his Lord-ip; "but, as a matter of fact, don't you know, iss Kenyon, it was not."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, you see," replied his Lordship, "I took on myself to give him into custody. He was aking no end of a row outside, and, even though didn't know Mr. Kenyon was ill at the time, ere was nobody else about to do it."

He seemed uncertain and discomfited within mself, she thought, and, so far as she could fely do it, she was anxious to put him at his se.

"I had not heard of it before," she said; "but think you did quite rightly."

"Well, you see," said Bagleigh, "I ought to ve gone and appeared against him at the Petty ssions yesterday, but I forgot all about him, d, because I was not there to prosecute, they the beggar off."

"Well," said Helen, "I am not sorry for that. e poor man," she added, with an air of wis-m, "would have had time to get sober."

"Sets a bad example," said his Lordship. Have fellows going round to all the houses in e country making rows."

At about this point in the conversation femi-e tact and instinct began to discover certain gns in Bagleigh's demeanor which indicated a sire to approach a topic which Helen had de-led should be approached no more.

"I must ask you to excuse me now," she said. My uncle is not happy if I am long away from n."

"No, by George!" ejaculated his Lordship, zing the conversational chance with unexpect- agility, "I should say he wasn't. I'm not my-f—begad I'm not! No, I say, really, Miss Ken-, you mustn't go. I've something to say, and, n't you know, I'm bound to say it."

He was very obviously in earnest, and the girl s rather sorry for him. They had been too sely associated nearly all her life for her to rk very clearly or keenly the oddities and ab-dities which were manifest to the eye of the ual observer, and she was disposed, after a tain fashion, to esteem him.

It goes without saying that she was not sorry him because he could not marry herself (for irl naturally thinks the love-pains of anybody the favored lover a trifle ridiculous; but she s sorry for his embarrassment and confusion; , since his Lordship displayed such unwonted in the middle of it all, she thought it best to him have his trouble over.

She waited, therefore, prepared to listen and to wer.

I want to know," he began again, floundering ewhat, now that his protest had succeeded, he had secured her attention—"I want to w, Miss Kenyon, if your uncle has said any-g particular to you within the last day or ?"

"About yourself?" she asked.

"Yes," said his Lordship; "about me."

"My uncle has spoken to me."

"Well, now," said Bagleigh, nervously, "what have you got to say to it?"

"Lord Bagleigh," she returned, and the young man's spirits fell at once to zero, for she never addressed him so unless she were angry with him, "I must ask you never to allude to that matter again."

"Don't you like it?" said his Lordship, miserably.

Helen answered, with great and commendable seriousness, "I do not like it."

"I'm very sorry," said his Lordship; "dooced sorry, by George I am! I always reckoned on it."

His disappointment and concern were so genuine that Helen took pity upon him. She held out her hand to him frankly, like a woman of the world.

Men grow up to self-possession in the presence of women slowly, encountering many troubles by the way. Women seem to have acquired self-possession by instinct.

"We can be very good friends," she said, "as we always have been. Let us be friends."

"I say, look here, Miss Kenyon," said Bagleigh, making a last appeal; "if I'm quiet for a year or two, don't you think there might be a chance?"

"No chance at all," she answered, severely, withdrawing her hand as she spoke. "If we are to be friends, you must promise me that all this shall be over. If not, you must not speak to me again."

"I won't do it again," his Lordship responded, with melancholy aspect.

And so he loved and he rode away.

Gabriel was keen to know the meaning of any sound he heard. He had already despatched the nurse to inquire the name of the arrival when Bagleigh had ridden up to the door and surrendered his horse to the groom who met him there, and, on Helen's appearance, he asked who it was who had just left; and the girl, anxious for her own part to avoid being questioned, began to tell Bagleigh's news about the intruding Frenchman.

Gabriel shut his eyes at the first mention of him, and withdrawing his hand from hers, lest she should feel how his own agitated fancies shook him, he listened to the end; and though he struggled with all his forces to preserve composure, he groaned aloud, and a cold sweat distilled upon his forehead.

"You are in pain, dear," she cried, alarmed by these signs.

"Yes," he answered, hoarsely, "I am in pain."

Her very innocence was suspicious to him. That she should come and tell him this story unconsciously seemed to his wounded and irritated spirit almost an impossibility.

The fact that Peltzer had been in custody explained his absence until now. And now, what would happen—what could happen—but that the man should come back again prepared to denounce him or to bleed him?

So he lay and quaked and sweated hour after hour, and day after day, in constant wonder that he was momently spared from ruin. Yet finding himself still spared, some occasional gusts of courage touched him, and brought freshness to his blood. If wishes be prayers, Gabriel had rarely prayed for anything more earnestly than he prayed that one glad fancy might prove true, and that M. Peltzer should have died. The silence and the suspense went on from day to day, but as the silence grew longer the sense of suspense grew feebler, and Gabriel began to gather strength again.

In the mean time, Douglas, in spite of the arduous nature of his professional duties in town, had found time to write three or four letters of friendly inquiry as to Gabriel's condition, and Helen, in spite of her duties as nurse, had found time to respond to them.

This exchange of correspondence was not allowed to interfere with Douglas's promised visit, and some ten days after his departure from the Lodge, he turned up again to make inquiries in person. By this time Kenyon was half inclined to think that his ardent wishes had been granted, and that M. Peltzer had gone to his own place. Spurred by this offspring to his own wishes, which he nurtured with the most constant diligence, he had already begun to move about again, to receive visitors, and to listen to their congratulations on his recovery. The first strangers were an ordeal to him; but since even his own suspicions could find no sign of suspicion in them, the visits of their successors became less and less trying; and before Douglas arrived, Gabriel had grown quit of everything except an occasional nervous tremor.

The only especial effect of Dick's visit was that Kenyon gave him a warm invitation to renew it, and the young fellow went away more than ever impressed with the amiability and gentleness of Gabriel's character.

It happened, one evening, when the sacred season was growing near, and when, in the twilight, the whole country-side was ghostly with the snow, that Gabriel, who was already coated and muffled for his before-dinner constitutional, was standing drawing on his gloves by the library fire, when Helen entered softly in search of something she had left in the room, and Gabriel laid a fatherly hand upon her head.

"My dear," he said, gently, "there is one question to which I have never made allusion. I want to speak about it now. You will not be distressed or vexed if I do so?"

"I hope not, dear," she answered. "What is it?"

"Three or four months ago," he said, "you refused the offer of Lord Bagleigh's hand. What was your reason?"

"I could never marry Lord Bagleigh," she answered.

"You had no affection for him?" said Gabriel, softly. "Well, well! Is there anybody, dear, whom you could marry, if he asked you?"

His manner was gentle and caressing, and perhaps, though he did not know it, and could not have helped it had he known, a trifle fulsome.

The girl, who of late, more than ever, had done her best to love him, shrunk away and made no answer. There was a vibrating line in Gabriel's nature which marred the best music he could make for her.

"Is there anybody, dear?" he asked again. "Silence gives consent, you know," he added, finding her silent still. "I have a letter here," he went on, after a pause. "I am asking Mr. Douglas to join us at Christmas-time. Barristers get a fortnight's rest at that period of the year. Shall I ask him to spend the time with us? Shall I send the letter?"

This was surely the plainest speaking, and Helen answered nothing to it.

"Shall I send the letter?" he said again. "You know why I ask the question."

He felt benevolent and pious in his purpose.

"I want you to be happy, Helen. Shall I send it?"

The kindness he seemed to show broke down her faint aversion for him, and she kissed him in the twilight.

"Why, that's consent," said Gabriel, almost gayly. "It is too dark to see the roses, but they bloom here all the same." He pinched her cheek as he spoke, and she ran from the room to face her own thoughts in solitude.

Gabriel rang the bell, and bade the servant who responded to add the letter lying on the table to the rest which waited for the post. Then, buttoned and muffled and gloved against the evening air, he walked out, passing solemnly down the village street and across the village church-yard.

He was full of peace at last. The thunderbolt that had fallen in the autumn-time and had wellnigh scared him out of life had passed him harmlessly. It was meant for a lesson; it had served its turn, and would never fall again. Thinking thus, he paused for a moment, and then, lifting his eyes, discovered, with a shock of superstitious feeling, that he stood opposite Robert Kenyon's monument. He went forward suddenly, and heard the sound of a crunching footstep on the snow behind him.

XX.

On the Monday of the first week in December of that year, Mr. Sullivan, clad in garments of unusual splendor, stood at the door of the house in which he lodged and gave instructions to two stout fellows within-doors about the porterage of a box, which was so large that it was absolutely inconvenient to carry it down the narrow passage and through the doorway. A four-wheeled cab stood behind him, and the box, with some difficulty, being hoisted to the top of the vehicle, Cyrus drew from his pocket a handful of loose coin, and, with a lordly air, bestowed a sixpence upon the cabman's assistant. He looked about him then with a sprightly air, jerked his hat into half a dozen different postures on his head by as many bird-like movements, pulled at his cuffs and collar, danced a step or two, and was entering at the door of the vehicle, which the cabman held open, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned.

All the aspect of prosperity and joy he had worn faded suddenly. He dashed into the cab with an exclamation, slammed to the door, and shouted to the driver, "Get up and drive!" with every evidence, in face, voice, and manner, of extreme terror.

The person whose unexpected appearance had thus shaken him was no other than Gustave Peltzer.

Monsieur Peltzer had evidently fallen upon dreadful times. His boots were mere gaping sacks of tattered leather; his bosom was bare and blue and cold. Such garments as he wore hung in tattered bannerets about him. He was begrimed and lean and frowzy and malodorous, and altogether more like a beast of prey than ever.

"Drive," said Sullivan, as this dreadful vision thrust a head through the open window of the four-wheeler.

"Vait!" cried Peltzer. "You are prosperous," he said, in rapid French, to Sullivan. "You have money in your hand. Give me something. I am starving—I am dying."

Sullivan surrendered half the loose handful of silver, and repeated his beseeching order to the cabman. Peltzer drew back with the coins in his hand.

The cab rolled on, and Sullivan communed with himself.

"It's a hundred to one that's the last of him. If it only should be, I shall have something to be thankful for. It's a blessing that Maria has made up her mind to go to New York. There, Cyrus, you'll be rid of all the evil companions who, until now, have decoyed you on the downward road to ruin. I suppose that it's rather indecent to get married so soon after having killed Mrs. Sullivan, but if Maria doesn't mind it, it sits easily upon my own conscience."

Cyrus counted the loose change about him to see of how much he had been frightened by the imperious Peltzer, and observing that his loss amounted to no more than four-and-ninepence, recovered his spirits, and rode away gayly to be married.

Peltzer, left alone in the street, tore off one of the rags from his fluttering raiment and wrapped his money in it. Then slipping it into a tattered pocket, and holding it there tightly in his clinched hand, he slouched on smiling.

"I can do it now," so his thoughts ran. "I was a fool not to have done it before when I was there and had the chance. A fool would have done it, an ass would have done it, a pig would have had the brain to think of it! And I permitted myself to be frightened. Silence for silence? Eh, well! But what is any man's silence worth to me, with the dog's life I lead? And what is my silence worth to him in his great house with his servants and his luxuries? You are a coward, my friend, or you would have played this card before."

He paused at an ill-conditioned shop and bought food from which an appetite less ravenous than his own would have recoiled. Then he walked on again, eating as he walked.

He seemed to have made himself familiar with his route, for he asked questions of no man, though he paused to beg here and there from a stranger of respectable aspect, and once or twice succeeded in extorting a copper.

Nightfall saw him fifteen miles from London. He ate and slept at a lodging-house, the lowest and cheapest of its kind; and next day he went on again. The human wolf was weary and cold and hungry; and the wolf-courage in him, being once alight, burned fierce and steady.

He shuffled on, doing his fifteen miles a day, or thereabouts, through a day of fog, a day of rain, a day of clear frost, a day of snow—and then the ugly Nemesis, which for thirteen years had strained from the galleys, stood within half a day's march of Perry Haughton.

He had fed abundantly, if coarsely, on the way, and had still a little money left; and in these later hours he began to drink to keep the wolf-courage warm.

He slouched on from hamlet to hamlet, the wolf-courage failing at times and flaring at times; and, in the early dusk of the winter evening, he came to Perry Haughton. He had been apprehensive from the first that his daring might fail him here; and once arrived, he began to grow so chill upon the enterprise that he was half disposed to go back again. Even the miserable life he led was better than that he had passed at the galleys; and if there was a prize before him, there was a penalty behind it.

He spent his last shilling in brandy, and his courage began once more to flicker and then to flame. He had conceived so violent a hatred against this Kenyon, who kept him out of his own, that, if he could have done it safely, he would have rejoiced to tear him with his hands. This Kenyon robbed him now, and had robbed him years ago. He would have had a diamond ring, a gold watch and chain, and a roll of crisp bank-notes, as the reward of valor and a dexterous blow, if this man had not stolen his prey from him, and found ten-thousand-fold a richer harvest on his body than Peltzer could have hoped to find.

The wolf-courage needed warming, and these reflections and the last shilling's-worth of brandy served to warm it so well, that when he skulked to the gates of the Lodge, and, as destiny would have it, saw a well-clad figure emerge from them, he followed with his thievish footstep—*miching mallecho*—as dexterously and swiftly and boldly as he could have done in the heyday of his youth, before years and the galleys tamed his native fires.

Was he sure of his man? The dusk hid much, and thereby helped him. He knew the droop of the shoulders, the hands clasped behind, a something cat-like in the tread of the man he followed. He knew, or thought he knew—but, at the worst, a whispered name would bring the real man to a pause, whilst it would mean nothing to a stranger. He watched his chance to speak the name, and once or twice, when he thought he had found it, a passing stranger put his plans out of gear, and he had to go on again.

At length, however, the chase led him to the village church-yard. The gate clanged behind Kenyon with a something solitary in its sound, and Peltzer shuffled closer. At the second when Kenyon moved away from the monument which marked his cousin's resting-place he made a swift forward movement.

"Monsieur Moreau," he whispered, and Gabriel paused in his walk, and turned, stretching out an involuntary hand to catch at the iron railing of a tomb. "À la fin!" said Peltzer, glancing at him through the dusk with shining eyes.

"What do you want?" asked Kenyon, swaying slightly to and fro, and only sustaining himself by his grasp upon the railing. "Who are you?"

"I am your old friend and fellow-lodger in the Rue du Petit Cardinal," said Peltzer, answering the second question first, in a suppressed rage of hate and fear and triumph. "I am the man who knows your secret."

"Hush!" said Gabriel, not knowing that he spoke at all. His terror mastered him and left him without power of reason. He would have been at the mercy of any braggart scoundrel who had chosen to spring this device upon him.

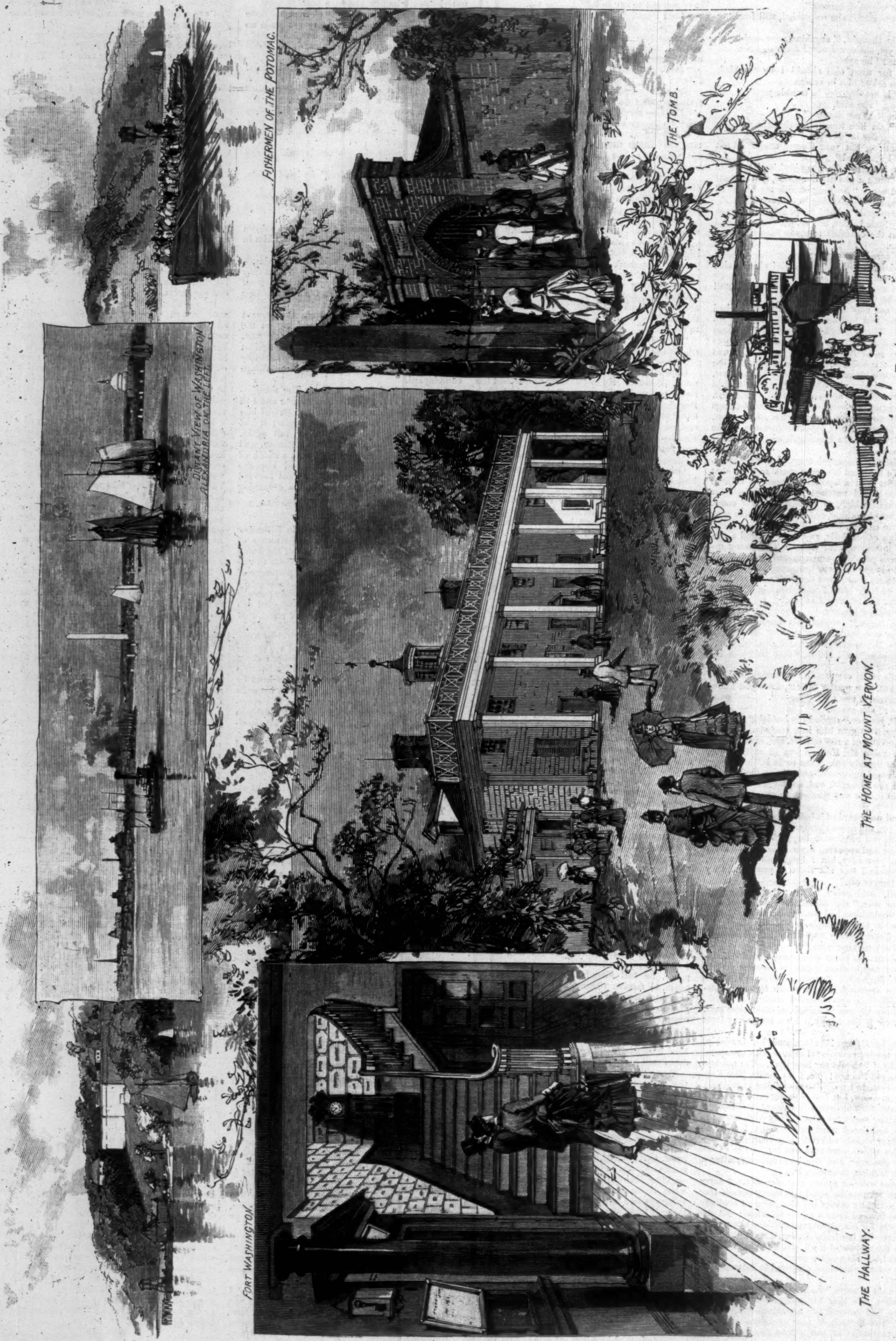
"I saw you carry in the body," said Peltzer, in a gloating whisper. "I saw you give the medicine. I saw the man revive. I heard the talk between you. I saw what happened after. I saw you file the ring from the finger. I saw—"

But here Kenyon's hands went up into the air with a wild gesture which sent the whispering scoundrel back a pace or two.

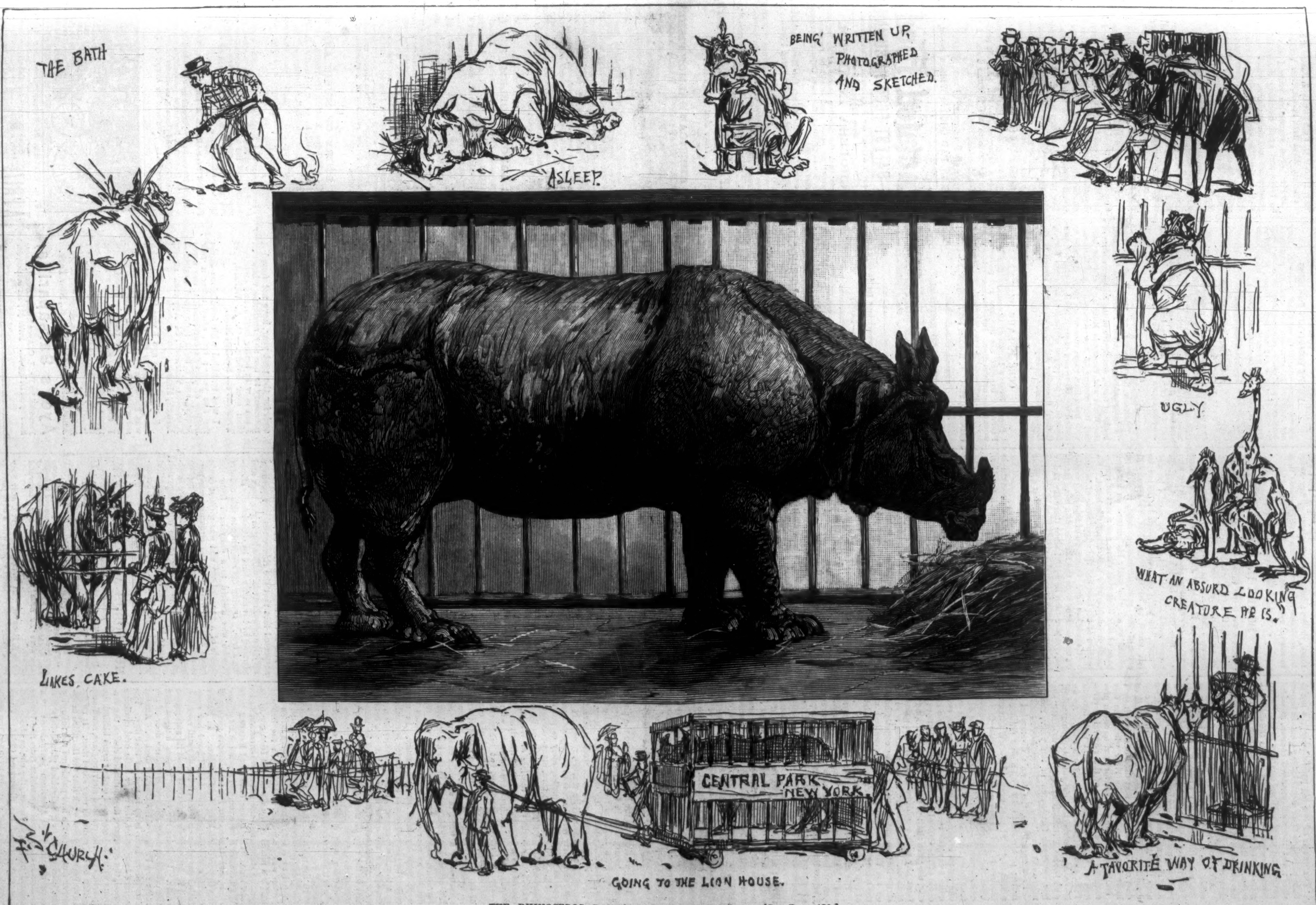
"I—I—know nothing—" Gabriel quavered.

He writhed both hands as if he grappled with something in the air above him, and suddenly fell forward, as if he dived into some welcome refuge. Peltzer recoiled, and before he could recover himself the clang of the church-yard gate apprised him of a new arrival. He ran like a hare for swiftness and noiselessness, doubling and crouching among the monuments and tombstones, and then watched and waited. He heard awe-struck voices, which he could not comprehend, and rapid footsteps and appeals for help. Then came lights, and a little crowd of people, who, in a while, departed, with the lights burning clear in the quiet frosty air, and a measured tramp, tramp, tramp, at the core of the crowd. Then silence, and the horror of the night.

THE END.


FISHERMEN OF THE POTOMAC.
THE TOMB.
THE LANDING.
DISTANT VIEW OF WASHINGTON ALEXANDRIA ON THE LEFT
THE HOME AT MOUNT VERNON.
FORT WASHINGTON.
THE HALLWAY.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MOUNT VERNON.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 430.]


THE BATH
ASLEEP.
BEING WRITTEN UP, PHOTOGRAPHED AND SKETCHED.
UGLY
"WHAT AN ABSURD LOOKING CREATURE HE IS."
LIKES CAKE.
CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK
GOING TO THE LION HOUSE.
A FAVORITE WAY OF DRINKING
F. S. CHURCH.

THE RHINOCEROS BOMBE.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 430.]

MOUNT VERNON.

The swash of two big paddle-wheels, a multitude of people upon deck chairs; a sun-lit brown river; and the wide-mouthed cannon, peaceful sward, and white soldiers' quarters of the United States Arsenal slipping past. It is the daily pilgrimage of the *W. W. Corcoran* down sixteen miles of the broad Potomac to Mount Vernon, the shrine of American liberty, the Mecca of the democracy.

After puffing sleepily along some half a dozen miles, the *W. W. Corcoran* effects a landing at the time-forgotten old wharves of Alexandria. The landing appears to be purposeless. Nobody embarks, nobody disembarks. During the irresolute three-minute pause the steamer makes we note that Alexandria is given over to moss and inanition. There is not so much as a cloud of dust on the wide road that used to debouch such lusty commerce upon the river when the city rivalled Baltimore and put forward no mean pretensions to be the seat of the Federal government. Washington cast his first vote here in 1754, and his last forty-five years later. As we leave Alexandria the ubiquitous photographer, who is also a statistician, informs us that "she has increased forty-seven in ten years, mostly niggers at that."

Past Fort Foote, the town's dismantled defence; past a shad boat with a crew pulling like a man-of-war's; past gray old Fort Washington, blown up and abandoned by our men in 1814, when the British sailed up the river in red-coated defiance and captured Alexandria; and we are four miles from Mount Vernon. From this point one gets a lovely glimpse of Washington, twelve miles away, the twisting river between, the great dome of the Capitol swelling superbly above the city, the pure shaft of the Monument striking the faint sky with a sublime audacity that gains by distance. Our rearward contemplation is so ecstatic that an unpretending white country-house on the Virginia shore slips by unnoticed, until the tolling of the steamer's bell and the hoisting of her flag announce Mount Vernon.

The tombs of "General George Washington" and "Martha, consort of Washington," need no description. From the guide's remarks, however, I select the facts that both bodies are above the ground; that the bodies of thirty relatives of Washington's family and his wife's repose in the inner vault, of which the key is cast into the Potomac; and that since the theft of one of the eagle's talons on the coat of arms which surmounts the tomb of the first President a double iron guard has been placed upon the entrance to the vault. Washington's body rested in the original family vault until 1831, when an attempted desecration induced a tardy fulfilment of his wishes as to his final burial. Just outside the present vault stand four plain white marble monuments to Bushrod Washington, the nephew and heir of the General, John Augustine, his son, Eleanor Parke Lewis, the daughter of Mrs. Washington, and to Mrs. M. E. A. Conrad, her daughter.

Then we troop to the house, undergo the photographic martyrdom in front of it, and travel in droves from room to room, ever marshalled by the oratorical guide. To say that the "Mansion-house" is an irregular pillared wooden structure painted to imitate white marble, ninety-six feet long and thirty feet deep, is to convey its appearance as correctly and inadequately as possible. It is a rambling old structure, many-roomed and many-windowed. The wide east piazza is paved with flags brought from the Isle of Wight, and commands a magnificent view of the river. The family and state kitchens are connected with the house by curved colonnades, but the servants' quarters are detached. Each room is the charge of the vice-regent of a State, the name of which is lettered above the door, like the patron association of a ward in a public charity. Some few original articles remain in the house, but the furniture, which is complete, is mainly a reproduction as nearly as possible of the pieces that were probably used by the family. In most cases the taste shown in this matter is excellent, and the bed-hangings, prints, candlesticks, and time-pieces are quite in the spirit of a century ago. A melancholy exception must be made to this in the case of Georgia, however, whose vice-regent has garnished Lady Washington's sitting-room with a crimson Brussels carpet and plush-trimmed furniture of unmistakable modernness.

In the main hall hangs a glass case containing the great ponderous rusty key of the Bastile, presented to Washington by Lafayette when the prison was destroyed in 1789. In the banquet hall is a model of the Bastile cut from one of its granite stones, also the gift of Washington's gallant aide. The liquor case Lord Fairfax gave Washington is here too, and a genuine *Mayflower* chair, and Rembrandt Peale's famous picture of the General rebuking a subordinate. In Nelly Custis's music-room the harpsichord her step-father gave her on her wedding-day still remains, and Washington's flute rests upon its antiquated cover. Upstairs the orator lingers longest and the crowd gathers thickest about the door of the room the Father of his Country died in. Almost everything here is as it was on that day. The square four-poster, the queer little oval medicine stand, the secretary, the mutilated chairs, the fire-irons with the blackened coat of arms behind the hearth, even the cracked shaving-glass, snuff and match boxes, stand as they stood then. It might have been only last week that the Hartford newspaper framed in the hall published the following sad intelligence in the dignified phraseology that once characterized American journalism: "A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious Chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion; but, alas! the august inhabitant was *now no more!* That great soul was *gone!* His mortal part was there, indeed; but, ah, how affecting, how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness thus to mortal eyes fallen! Yes, fallen, fallen!"

BOMBÉ IN THE PARK.

For a week the rhinoceros contributed by India to the Central Park bade fair to overshadow in public interest the obelisk contributed by Egypt. But it was for a week only. Bombé was landed at Hoboken June 19, and June 26 he was no more, though, indeed, none of those who saw him during his brief and bright American career could have wished that he should be any "more," in point of mass, though in beauty he left much to be desired. Not to speak ill even of the pachydermatous dead, it will be owned by all who study his picture on another page of this issue that there was a sort of ready-made or misfit-parlor look about the beast. No portion of his hide had the appearance of having been made for him. Comment of this kind would be unnecessary were the rhinoceros a more familiar creature than he is, but since there are to-day but two specimens of the single-horn rhinoceros in the United States, it is safe to infer that a great many of the readers of Harper's Weekly have never seen one.

The history of this particular rhinoceros is commonplace, with the exception of his sudden and tragic death. This event is variously attributed by rhinocerologists to pneumonia, to nostalgia, and to the fact that the sensitive and high-strung nature which he concealed beneath an apathetic and corrugated exterior was wrought beyond its power to resist by his inability to get at the elephants whose paddock adjoined his cage. He was still a child in years, and although he weighed seven thousand pounds, and was 11½ feet long by 5 feet 6 inches in height, he had not stopped growing, which may account for the ridiculously loose fit of his heavy hide. He was captured by a party of Shikarris, who sold him to the agent of a French menagerie. This explains how he received the name of Bombé (wrongfully spelled "Bombi" and "Bomby" by the reporters of the daily press), which is a French adjective, meaning curved or arched, and which was applied to him, as it sometimes was to the late Emperor of France, on account of the hooked or Roman shape of his nose. When Bombé grew too big for convenient transportation in the French circus, he was sold to a dealer in wild beasts at Hamburg.

The Hamburg dealer proposed the sale of Bombé for $5000, and the Park Commissioners embraced the opportunity to acquire him. As the beast had not been formally "accepted" or paid for, however, it is supposed that his loss, so far as it is estimable in money, will fall upon the importer, and not upon the city. The rhinoceros was packed in an enormous cage, and on the 9th of June was shipped from Bremen, on the steamer *Eider*, for this port, and landed at Hoboken on Saturday, June 19. It cost $1000 to pass him through the Custom-house (that is, to pass him through the Custom-house figuratively speaking; the expense of attempting to pass him through in any other way would, no doubt, have been much larger), and he was then conveyed, cage and all, by a four-horse dray to the place of the animals in the Park. Subsequently it was found necessary to drag the travelling cage into the building where a permanent iron cage had been erected for his reception, and this was accomplished by a docile elephant named "Tip," who was harnessed up with chains, and who rattled the new-comer up to the door of his future home in a most cheerful manner. Then by opening the iron door of the new cage, and knocking a hole in the other, the big creature was transferred to quarters which, it was fondly hoped, would be permanent. At the time of the arrival of the rhinoceros the roof of the iron cage had not been put in place, but as the enclosure was eight feet high it was not thought unsafe to turn him loose therein pending the construction of a temporary oak roof across the top of it. On the third day after his arrival, however, and while the carpenters were busy in nailing down the great planks that were to constitute this ceiling to his apartment, Bombé became restless, and after surveying the carpenters overhead for a few moments, deliberately attempted to climb the side of his house. The terrified carpenters retreated in hot haste, while the keepers prodded the beast back to the floor, but not until he had succeeded in getting well up toward the top.

This is the first intimation of the hitherto unsuspected fact that the rhinoceros may perhaps vary the monotony of wallowing in the bogs and marshes of his native land by occasionally climbing a tree. During his residence in this country Bombé was treated to a daily bath from the nozzle of a garden hose, and was without doubt made as comfortable as the circumstances permitted. He was the largest rhinoceros in captivity. It seems a pity that he was not more beautiful, for upon the theory of the old adage that "beauty is but skin deep," how very beautiful he would have been if only he had been beautiful at all!

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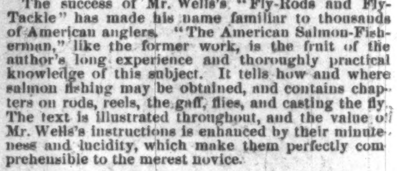

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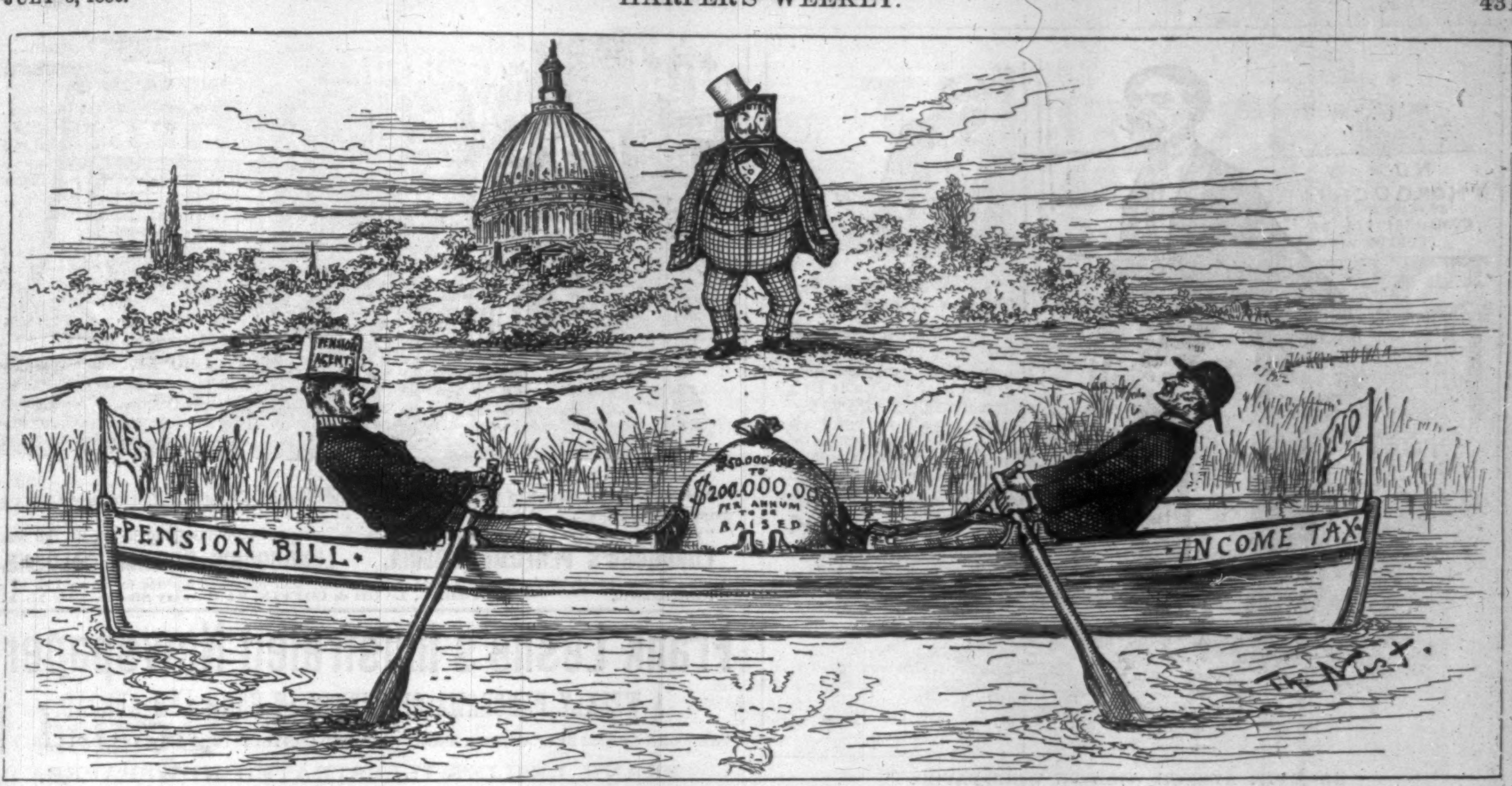

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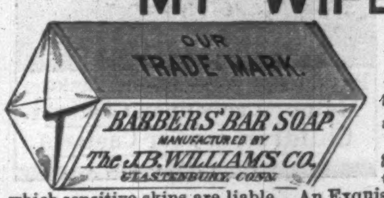
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